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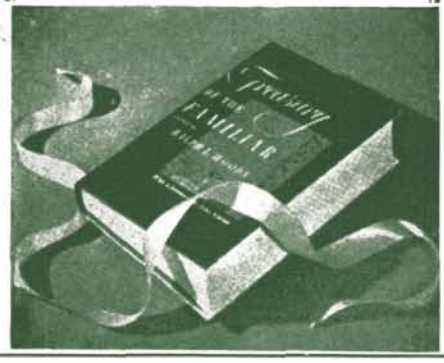

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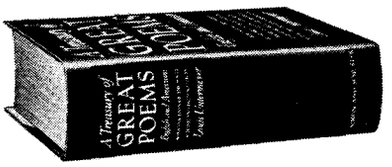

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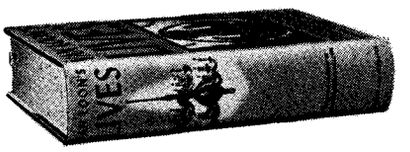

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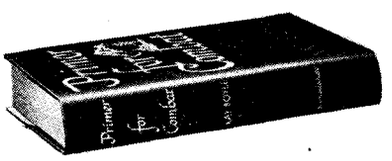

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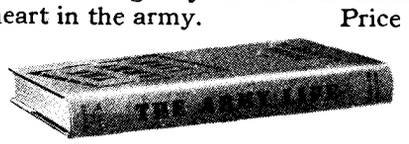

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THE VEXATIOUS problem besetting publishers at a time when the center of interest shifts as rapidly as events themselves is apparent in the week's grist of books. Ambassador Grew's "Report to Tokyo" went to press when the Battle of the Solomon Islands riveted attention on the Far East; it appears now when the spotlight for the moment has veered to Africa and the Mediterranean. So, too, do a batch of other books on the East: Hugh Byas's "Government by Assassination," Louis Fischer's "A Week with Gandhi," Shridharani's "A Warning to the West," and "The Wisdom of China and Japan," edited by Lin Yutang. It is doubtful, however, whether in these particular instances this will affect the appeal of the books—the Far East may be in the limelight again even before this issue of *SRL* appears. Moreover, the more information we can get on Japan and on our allies the better for us.

THERE is a host of other books constantly appearing which, when they were written, seemed of utmost moment and which when they were published had lost their dynamism. Publishing, always a speculative business so far as forecasting the public taste is concerned, becomes more than ever a gamble when that taste is conditioned by unpredictable events. In the cosy days of the nineteenth century, when news traveled so slowly that a Waterloo could be fought weeks before word of it reached some of the remoter hamlets of England, public interest could be supposed to stretch out over a considerable period of time. But now, unless news is hot from the griddle, it is flat.

WITHIN the past few weeks, for instance, there have been published several excellent volumes by foreign correspondents which through no fault of their own but by the lapse of time have lost the impact of similar works which preceded them. The publishers took them because they knew they were good, because they wanted a particular author on their lists, because they hoped interest in their accounts might be restimulated by some unexpected turn of events. The critics approved them and were cold to them. It remains to be seen whether they will prove an asset or a liability.

IN ADDITION to the works of the week already noted there is a new brace of books on Germany: Derwent Whittlesey's "German Strategy of World Conquest" and Dorothy Thompson's "Listen, Hans." In its first part, Miss Thompson's book provides an analysis of German mentality intended as a guide to American understanding of it; in its second part, it is a collection of Miss Thompson's short-wave broadcasts designed to enlighten the German people on the true state of their own affairs.

THERE are two volumes of war verse, Irvin S. Cobb's "Roll Call" and Struthers Burt's "War Songs." There is also Henry Bramford Parkes's inquiry into "The World after War."

This Week

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Hollywood and the Intellectuals

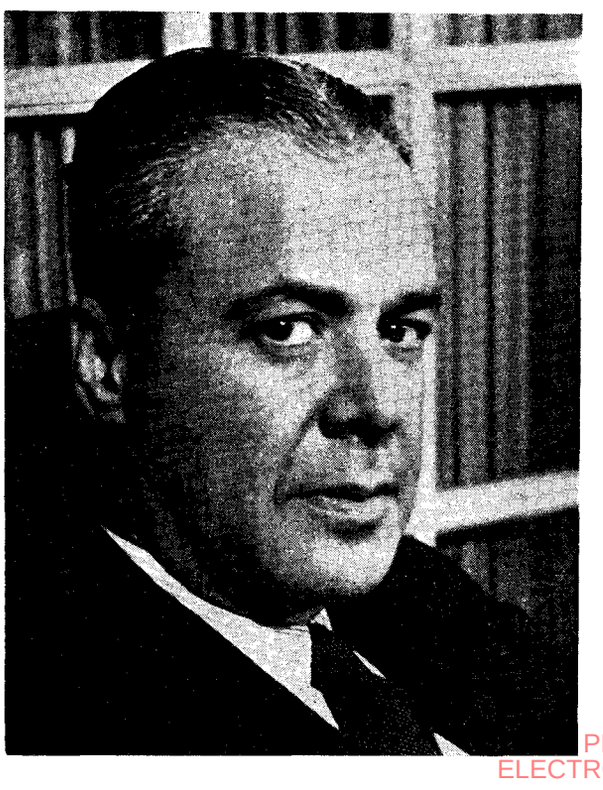
WALTER WANGER

MOST intellectuals are liberals. They worked earnestly between 1918-39, to create conditions under which nations could live at peace. Their tragic failure and the life-and-death task now ahead make it seem worthwhile to examine the means they use.

The liberal, with the war to win first and then the peace, continues to convince himself and friends. He writes books (limited for the most part to readers of books), and articles for thoughtful magazines of small circulation. He appears occasionally in the general press. He haunts radio forums. He and his fellow-liberals compliment each other: "Very fine article, Richards. If only the world would heed—."

A large part of the world—possibly the determinative part—doesn't even know that Richards and his co-thinkers are practising their mutual salesmanship. Certainly not enough liberal philosophy reaches the basic public to produce effect.

That last is distressing, because the purpose is high. The liberal—speaking for the moment domestically, within our own borders—works to bring about a State in which the enlightened general citizen will exert pressure *inward* upon government. That, in theory, will impel government to administrate free of selfish influence and for the common good. To establish the desired citizen-government relationship requires informing, convincing contact with the largest possible public. To make the set-up work later, will require perfection of such a contact, *which has not even been begun.*



Walter Wanger: "We need ask ourselves: 'What would Goebbels give, now, to have Hollywood?'"
—SRL photo by Arni

Gaps, then, are important. Let us suppose, for a moment, that the liberal could sell his books by the million instead of by the hundreds or thousands. Multiply the circulation of his favorite magazines by fifty. Cause him to appear more frequently, and less cut or garbled, in the news. Give him that happy day when hundreds of thousands will not dial him out on the radio. He still would be inadequately tooled for what he hopes to do. He still would be, as critics complain of some military leaders, fighting the last war. When you set out to streamline a world, it seems ordinary commonsense to use the most modern, effective means for the communication of ideas.

THAT means is the motion picture. You can prove to yourself that this appraisal is not exaggeration. Project yourself mentally into the war after the war—the ideational war to build a lasting peace. First, what does the liberal want, internationally? Call it the Four Freedoms, or state it in your own terms. It condenses simply: that men and nations should live together in goodwill (that covers all questions of race and religion), and not tear at each others' throats, militarily or economically.

You have accepted, for your dip into the future, this premise. You are in Poland. The physical war is over. Hitler is defeated, so far as the battlefield is concerned. Flowers are being thrown in the streets (if flowers exist) by liberated Poles, but you learn, with shock, that the nation is not entirely united. Hitler, who started his career as a propagandist and never won a military campaign except where propaganda weakened his enemy first, has spread his thought-poison even in those countries he brutally occupied. Here he set aside classes of Poles; he nominated the Deutschtumsfaehiger Pole —"a Pole capable of becoming a German." His agents selected Polish girls, bred them to young German soldiers, taught them meticulously to be proud of "election to equality with Germans." (You might be worrying about what to do with a whole generation of Nazi-taught *Germans,* but let us stay with our historic allies, the Poles.) You find a favored class, who actually shared the scant and bitter profits of subsidiary Naziism. With a human weakness common to all nationalities, these favored wish to retain their power and influence; they continue to spread poison.

You have a corollary problem: how to inform the masses of the Poles, to whom your coming is pure deliverance, of the purpose and structure of the New World; of their place in it, their rights and duties. In that situation, do you believe that the job can be done by reprinting, in Polish, books by American liberals? Will such books achieve effect speedily enough; will they reach enough Poles? Next, can you imagine the average Pole seeking out a copy of the *New York Times,* to learn America's purpose? Will he buy a short-wave set, to listen to the OWI's excellent propaganda broadcasts? These questions are rhetorical; the counter-answer is direct and practical. One thing the Pole, and the general citizen of every Nazi-conquered country, will do, as soon as liberation permits: he will get himself to the nearest theater and see an American-made movie. If he can see it free (and there's a thought for our government, in regard to after-war education), he will consider that an extra blessing. If he must pay, he will scrape up some way, the zlotys, kronen, francs, or marks to pay his admission. He always did, until the dictators, land by land, issued Conqueror's Order No. 1: "Ban American movies."

WE need not take that afterwar trip to Poland, to prove the enormous potential of the motion picture, *as it has been developed and is being filmed in America.* We need ask ourselves only one question: "What would Goebbels give, now, to have Hollywood?" Hollywood is not a town; it is an enormous accumulation of skills. Because Goebbels doesn't possess it, he will fail in much of his attempt to placate and proselytize the temporarily held countries—he cannot reach the general citizen. He will be weakened in his most ambitious propaganda attempt in the United States (and Hitler's only chance to win the war): the attempt to split us apart from our allies. The sneer

(*Continued on page* 50)

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War of Words

What the OWI Is Doing

ELMER DAVIS

WE in the Office of War Information do not overestimate the contribution we make to victory, but we do not underestimate it, either. We know that the war is going to be won primarily by fighting, but we can point to plenty of proof in history, both recent and remote, that victory of the fighting forces can be made easier by what is called psychological or political warfare, the prosecution of which has been entrusted primarily to this Office. We are in a sense an auxiliary to the armed forces—an organization whose operations can pave the way for their operations and make their success easier. We may be a minor auxiliary, but if what we do succeeds in shortening the war by one single day it will save the United States Government as much money as this Office is likely to cost in several years.

Great generals of all time have recognized the value of psychological warfare and propaganda as adjuncts to the work of their fighting forces. The armies of Genghis Khan, whose conquests are still without parallel, were preceded by secret agents who worked on the populations of the countries he was about to attack, spreading defeatism and division, and softening them up so that they had less heart to put up a really tough fight when the Mongol armies came along. Hitler is using that same weapon on us, too; has been using it for years past; and we would be fools not to use it on him and his allies as well.

Hitler and Genghis Khan are discreditable characters; my colleagues and I have no particular desire to emulate them. But fortunately there are more respectable precedents. Two of the best jobs ever done in all history in the field in which this Office is instructed to operate abroad were done by Americans. The first was the achievement of Benjamin Franklin, operating out of Paris in the years from 1777 till the Revolution had come to its triumphant conclusion, to which he had so greatly contributed. Franklin's work, to be sure, was much more extensive than that of the overseas branch of the Office of War Information; it included diplomacy and secret-service work, as well as propaganda. But purely on the propaganda side the job he did remains a classic. In France, and the other continental countries, he was constantly encouraging the people who sympathized with us and constantly making new converts, by pointing out not only that we had a good cause—that we were fighting for liberty and self-determination; but that our victory would contribute to the interests of France; and by maintaining that that victory was bound to come. It came faster because he had persuaded people that it was coming anyway. Also, Franklin's propaganda was steadily active in England, not only providing arguments to the considerable elements in that country which sympathized with the revolted colonists, but working on the feelings of the much larger group which was beginning to feel that maybe the war was a bad investment—spreading defeatism, persuading them that they were fighting only in the interest of the King and a few West Indian planters, and not of the nation. There is not a single element in what is now called psychological warfare that Franklin did not employ. None of us in the O. W. I. believes that we are as smart as Franklin, but we are going to do the best we can.

AND the second classic job in this field was done by Woodrow Wilson in 1918, working partly direct, by his own speeches, and partly through the agency of George Creel's organization. Most of us are old enough to remember this of our own knowledge; but if you want further proof, I can call to witness the most expert and successful propagandist of our time, who got his first experience of propaganda when he was serving in the German Army—Corp. Adolf Hitler. He writes in "Mein Kampf":

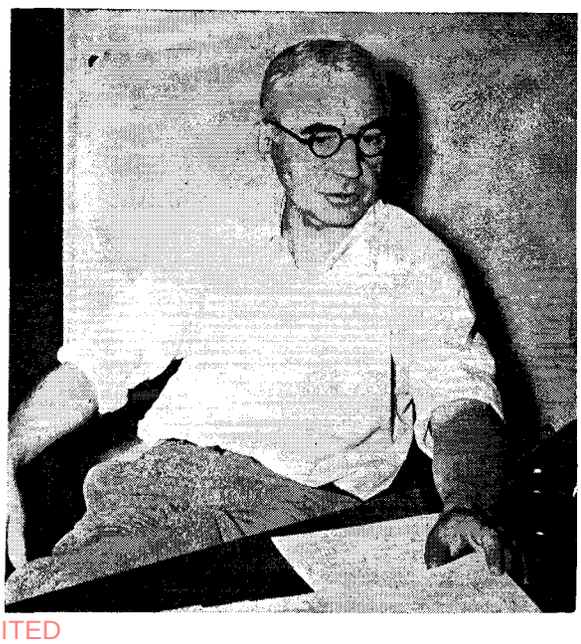
> To what terrific consequences a rightly directed propaganda may lead could be observed for the first time during the war, though unfortunately it all had to be studied on the other side. What we failed to do—

he has a lot to say about the awkwardness of German propaganda in the last war—

> what we failed to do the enemy did with unheard-of-skill and a calculation that seems truly the work of genius. The war propaganda of the English and Americans was psychologically correct. In the beginning it sounded crazy and impudent; later it was no more than unpleasant; and finally it was believed. After 4½ years a revolution broke out in Germany, whose slogans came from the enemy's war propaganda.

Hitler, you observe, studied carefully the technique of Wilson and the other Allied leaders and learned from it a great deal which he has since employed for deplorable ends. But propaganda is an instrument; it may employ truth instead of falsehood in its operation (as Wilson did, and as this Office intends to do); and it may be directed to worthy instead unworthy purposes. To condemn the instrument, because the wrong people use it for the wrong purposes, is like condemning the automobile because criminals use it for a getaway. The job of political warfare that Wilson accomplished in softening up the will to resistance of the German people did not win the war by itself, even though the German militarists do say so, to escape the admission that their armies got licked; but it certainly shortened the war by some months, and in so doing it saved many thousands of American, as well as other, lives. In the work of Franklin and Wilson this Office has not only honorable precedents to follow but high standards to shoot at.

Yet if the job is in some ways harder than 25 years ago—thanks to the far more severe repression of speech and opinions in enemy countries and countries controlled by the enemy, another factor perhaps works to our advantage, and certainly makes the need



Elmer Davis: "The better Americans understand this war, the harder they will fight."

—CBS Photo

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of this sort of activity even greater than it was then. Thanks to this very repression, to the endeavor of totalitarian governments to suppress all news and all opinion except what they choose to give out, the truth itself has become a more powerful weapon than ever before. Many millions of people are completely dependent for any truthful account of what is going on, on what we and our Allies tell them; and merely to know the truth is going to inspire them to a more stubborn endurance and resistance to the endeavors of the enemy to make them accept their defeat as final.

THE foregoing refers to the objectives of our Overseas Branch, which deals not only with enemy countries, but with allied and neutral countries abroad; before giving you some idea of its operations I may perhaps say something about what we are trying to do at home. And first of all let me say that at home and abroad, we are telling the same story, telling the truth. This Office was established, in the phrasing of Executive Order 9182, "in recognition of the right of the American people and of all other peoples opposing the Axis aggressors to be truthfully informed." We even intend to see to it that the enemy peoples are truthfully informed, because we believe the truth is on our side, not only as to the nature and issues of this war, but as to who is going to win it. We cannot profess that we are going to tell the whole truth, because some things must be held back on the ground of military security; but we are going to tell nothing but the truth, and we intend to see that the American people get just as much of it as genuine considerations of military security will permit.

Our job at home is to give the American people the fullest possible understanding of what this war is about—a war which our enemies, for more than two years past, have called a world revolution, and which they have been conducting as a world revolution for their world supremacy, far more than as a war of the old-fashioned type. But really it is a counter-revolution against the ideas and principles which first appeared in this country in 1776, and spread from here over most of the world. So, it is the job of O. W. I. not only to tell the American people how the war is going, but where it is going and where it came from—its nature and origins, how our Government is conducting it, and what (besides national survival) our Government hopes to get out of victory.

That means first of all, giving the people the news—and not merely the news that is immediate enough to get into the newspapers or on the radio, but the background information that will help them understand what the news is about—through radio, movies, magazines, pamphlets, posters, speeches, discussion groups, and any other means that we think will promote the public understanding. We believe that the better the American people understand what this war is about, the harder they will work and fight to win it. We are not press agents for the Government. We expect to set forth, as we have set forth already, the difficulties with which both the military and the civilian branches of the Government are faced; and their shortcomings as well as their successes in meeting those difficulties.

The people not only have a right to know what is going on—they have a right to know what the enemy is doing to keep them from understanding what is going on, to deceive and confuse them. Dr. Goebbels is still trying hard to fool the American people—not only through direct broadcasts on short-wave radio, and through the rumors and falsehoods sent over in those broadcasts and spread by enemy agents here; he is still using the news itself as a weapon, as he has been using it for years past.

One of the most important divisions of our domestic branch is a news service which will take this news from enemy sources and set it in its proper relation to the facts of what is going on, with the background and any necessary correctives; so that the antidote comes along with the poison. To keep this news out of the country would be impossible and in my opinion unwise; all this service is going to do is to enable the people to recognize that news or so-called news for what it is—a weapon of war which the enemy uses just as he uses air bombs on people who are closer to him than we are.

OTHER duties are also laid on this Office. We are to review, clear, and approve all proposed radio and motion-picture programs sponsored by Federal departments and agencies. We are so doing; whether the total of such pictures and radio programs is greater or less than before we started I do not know, but I do know that the total output is far better proportioned and the quality is considerably improved. We are directed to maintain liaison with the information agencies of the United Nations for the purpose of relating the Government's informational programs and facilities to those of such nations. This language seems to me somewhat loose; I have ventured to interpret it in the sense of relating the informational programs of the United Nations in this country to ours.

Also, we are directed to coördinate the war informational activities of all Federal departments and agencies for the purpose of assuring an accurate and consistent flow of war information to the public. That is a large order and we can never execute it perfectly; for people are not going to feel like saying the same thing unless they think the same thing. What we are trying to do—and we have attained some moderate degree of success, which we hope will increase—is to persuade different agencies concerned with the same problem to get together and agree on what is to be done about it so that they can tell the same story; and when one agency is exclusively or primarily concerned, to persuade other people not to sound off about something that is none of their business. To this end we have had powerful support in the President's letter of August 20. We are never going to be completely successful in this; rubber, for instance, got away from us; there had been so much conflict and confusion before we began to get organized that we could never do much about it. But we are hoping to take hold, in time, of certain coming problems that might make as much trouble as rubber if they are mishandled. We do not make labor policy, or production policy, or military policy. But when we see conflicts in such policies causing confusion among the people of this country, we certainly feel called upon to go to the right people in the Government—to the President if necessary—and ask that the difficulties be corrected so that we can help remove confusion from the public mind.

We are also authorized to require the curtailment or elimination of any Federal information service, program, or release which we consider wasteful, or not directly related to the prosecution of the war effort. In the tremendous effort of making a new organization out of pieces of four others, we have not yet had time to give as much attention to this phase of our work as we shall give in future. But we have already eliminated, or approved the elimination of, 500 Government publications and series of publications.

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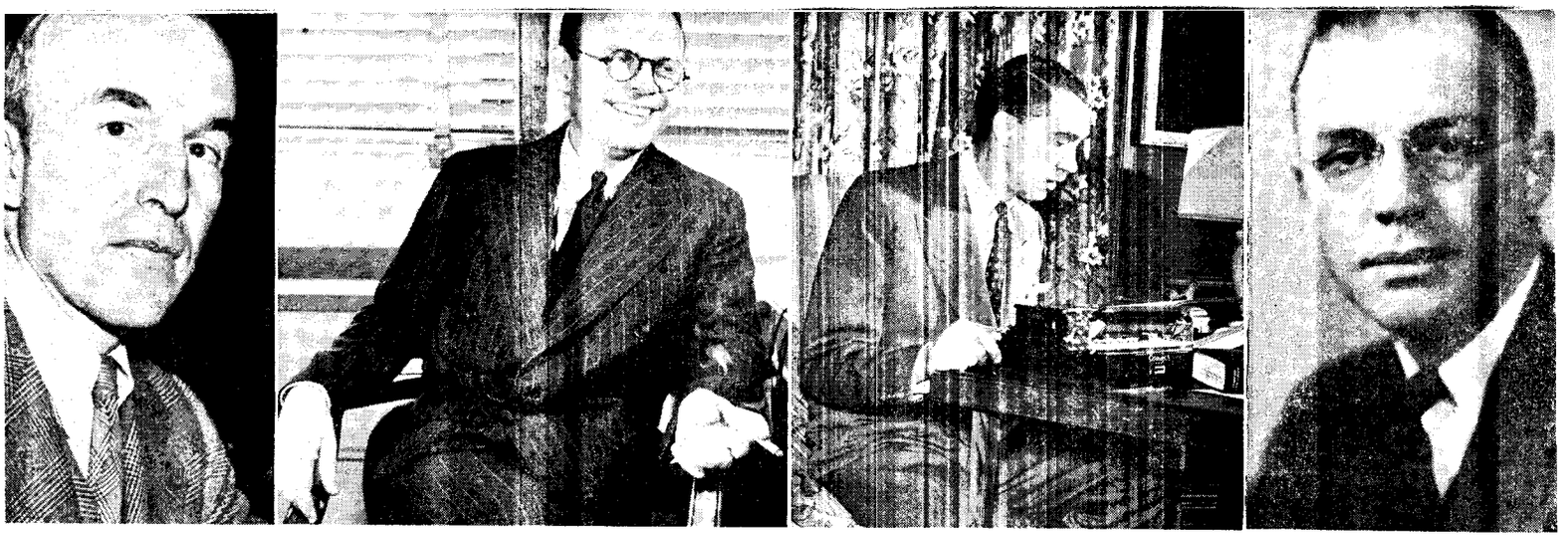

Elmer Davis's lieutenants in the Office of War Information (left to right): Archibald MacLeish, Assistant Director; Robert T. Sherwood, Director of Overseas Operations; Gardner Cowles, Jr., Director of Domestic Operations; and Milton S. Eisenhower, Associate Director.

TO go back to our Overseas Branch. It has four audiences—the enemy, our Allies in both the free and the occupied nations, neutral countries, and the American armed forces outside the continental limits of the United States. We supply our soldiers and sailors abroad with news from home, in coöperation with and at the request of the morale services of our armed forces; and in some cases, such as Alaska, Hawaii, and many places in the South Pacific, the news we give them is all the news they get. We give them not only news but entertainment, and we have to give them more different kinds of news than you might imagine. They want as much home-town stuff as they can get; they take the big-league baseball scores all right, but a good many of them are more interested in the minor league scores so we have to give them those too. Whether he is at a lonely island outpost or in a foreign city where the people around him and all their ways are strange, a soldier is likely to feel better if he hears about what is going on back where he came from.

To Allied countries and the occupied nations we have to tell the story of what America is doing and what America is getting ready to do, to tell them the story of American production and to make them realize that we are going to win. That is particularly a job in the occupied countries, where people who are half-starved and subject to slave drivers have nothing to keep them up but the hope of ultimate victory. And to the enemy countries we have to keep telling that same story until they too realize they must believe it—that we are going to win. The Germans remember what happened the last time; and we are telling them again—you can't win.

For this a principal instrument is the short-wave radio. From 14 short-wave transmitters eventually to be increased to 36, we are broadcasting all over the world in 30 or 40 languages and dialects—news programs chiefly and truthful news, for only by our sticking to the truth will the people believe what we tell them. But along with this we keep working from all the angles we can to build up the full realization that we are going to win the war—and that our victory will open up the possibility of a more hopeful world for everybody than is offered by Hitler's new order or the Japanese co-prosperity sphere.

Of course, short-wave broadcasting has its limitations, due largely to the fact that in enemy countries, and countries occupied by the enemy, people risk their lives if they listen to it. Nevertheless there is evidence that they do listen to it—not so much in Japan, where probably most of our listeners are officials whose job is to find out what we are saying; but a good deal in Germany and Italy and still more in the occupied countries, where news broadcast by short wave is spread farther and farther by various means. Wherever possible we are preparing to supplement these short-wave broadcasts by medium or long wave sent from stations much nearer our objective which will reach a much larger number of people. We are already doing this from several transmitters in England to Germany and western Europe. We are preparing to do it from the Near East to southeastern Europe, and we are hoping to set up transmitters in Asia which will reach by medium wave most of the occupied territory and indeed Japan itself.

But radio is supplemented by news cabled to allied and neutral countries, by leaflets dropped from planes over occupied or enemy territory, by pamphlets setting forth American war aims as announced in statements of Government policy, by pictures of America at war—in short by every means that may be useful to tell the story we have to tell to friends, enemies, and neutrals alike—that we are coming, that we are going to win, and that in the long run everybody will be better off because we won. And, of course, we cannot do all this from a distance.

IN many allied countries, in neutral countries, we have an outpost whose staff not only handles the material sent from this country, but powerfully supplements it by material prepared and distributed locally. It takes money to get those people overseas and to maintain them and pay for their work after they get there; but I believe they are worth it for they are a sort of auxiliary expeditionary force, who by encouraging our Allies, convincing the neutrals, and sowing doubt and confusion among our enemies are making their contribution to the eventual victory of our armed forces. And it might be added that just as all our foreign information is conducted in conformity with the foreign policy of the United States, so our work in regions that are, or may become, theaters of war, is conducted in close conformity and coöperation with the military policy of the United States. Our military commanders are well aware of the utility of propaganda as an adjunct to military operations.

How much are we actually accomplishing? Well, there is almost no way of finding that out till the war is further along; but there are signs here and signs there that what we are doing is having some effect. Not very long ago the German-controlled Paris radio said that I had a hundred thousand propagandists working for me; so apparently they are working hard enough to look like a lot more than they really are. The British are able to listen to the long-wave programs inside of Germany—programs intended solely for the German home audience; and again and again they have heard denials of reports, or counterpropa-

(*Continued on page* 59)

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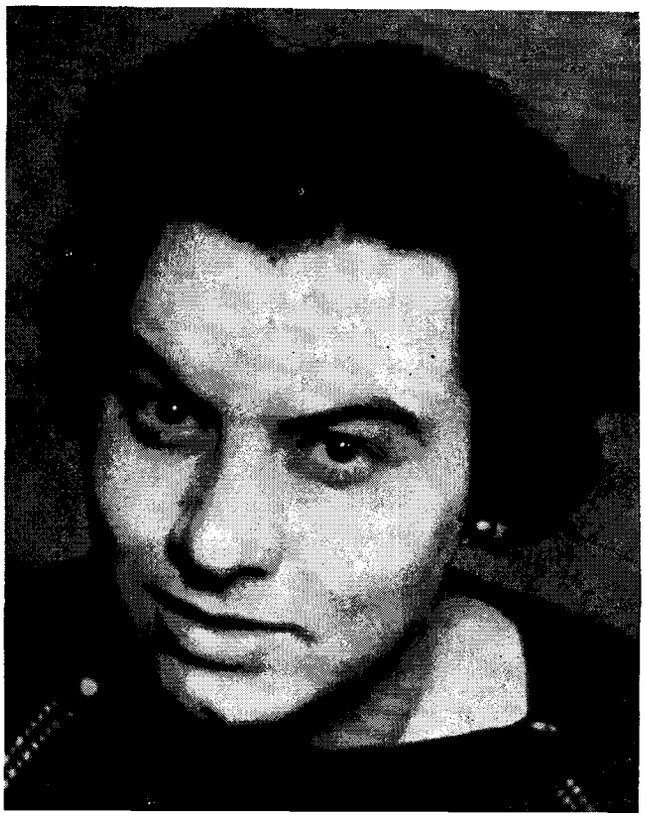
A Poet Discovers the Mathematical Physicist

F. S. C. NORTHROP



Muriel Rukeyser chose a difficult subject for her biography.

THERE is hope for our culture. At least one humanist believes that it is necessary to understand the scientist. Apparently even those primarily concerned with the imaginative and spontaneously creative activities of the human spirit are coming to realize that the sharp separation between natural science and values inaugurated in the 18th century by Immanuel Kant with his distinction between the theoretical and the practical reason will not do. Perhaps the tragic separation between man's ideals and his increasingly powerful technological instruments has its basis, in major part at least, in this faulty Kantian dichotomy. In any event, the instinct and intuition of the artist are affirming that even for human needs esthetics and mathematical physics must be combined. Muriel Rukeyser, one of our talented younger poets, is trying to comprehend Willard Gibbs.*

No more difficult person could have been chosen; a biography of Einstein would have been child's play in comparison. In personal conversation Einstein's face illuminates. The vitality and brilliance of his mind exhibit themselves overtly in the spontaneity and expressiveness of his gestures to a degree which will make the task of his biographer relatively easy in comparison with that of one writing about the placid, reserved Gibbs, whose emotions in their social manifestations seem almost to have suffered death at the time of his birth. The specific content of Einstein's scientific achievements is also easier to convey in the prose of the poet than is that of Gibbs. This has already been done quite briefly by Einstein himself and at greater length by Thirring and D'Abro. One has only to read the many accounts of Gibbs's work written in ordinary language by scientists with the knowledge of mathematics and physics necessary for its comprehension to realize that they talk about Gibbs's achievements rather than convey precisely what they are. We must not be surprised, therefore, if Miss Rukeyser leaves us in the same state of mind with respect to the precise ideas of Gibbs's thermodynamical and physical-chemical theory.

Miss Rukeyser has, however, done other things which are both remarkable and important. She has shown that even for historians and humanists Willard Gibbs is one of the greatest of all Americans. He is great as a scientist, the greatest Amerian scientist, and, judged by world standards, he ranks even beside Newton and Maxwell because he did for thermodynamics and physical chemistry what they did for mechanics and electromagnetics. He is also great as a humanist because in him one finds the free, creative play of the human imagination in one of its most powerful manifestations, notwithstanding the fact that at every step it is controlled and disciplined by the precision of formal mathematical expression and the requirements of relentless logical rigor.

MISS Rukeyser's biography also reveals a most needed appreciation of the theoretical and formal logical side of scientific method which Willard Gibbs so brilliantly exhibited. All too often in America science has been presented as nothing but facts and experiments with a deprecation of formal logic and a condemnation of imaginatively achieved hypotheses and theory. The people, often scientists—more often social scientists such as Sumner and Keller—who, with the preacher's fervor, have dinned this false conception of scientific procedure into their students' minds have apparently never heard of Newton, Maxwell, Gibbs, and Einstein, to say nothing of having comprehended them. For the primary fact about the latter men is not the experimental work which they did (Einstein has never performed a laboratory experiment) but their achievements in the realm of theory. Taking Galileo's new definition of force, confirmed by the famous ball rolling down the inclined plane, and the new laws of motion which it entailed, Newton generalized these assumptions for the astronomical universe, as well as for mechanical phenomena on the earth's surface, and by applying formal logic to this generalized theory to deduce thereby its logical consequences he theoretically demonstrated the existence of a large number of new facts which required most of the time of the 18th century to investigate experimentally and confirm. Maxwell, similarly, took Faraday's vague intuitive notion of an electromagnetic field with its lines and tubes of force ending in sources and sinks, expressed its basic assumptions with mathematical rigor, and then proceeded by the formal logical instruments of mathematical calculation to deduce its consequences among which were the quite unexpected electromagnetic waves of our radios.

Following this same procedure Gibbs took the thermodynamical assumptions of Carnot, Meyer, and Clausius, applied them to changes of state in any physical-chemical system whatever, and, by pursuing them to their logical consequences, designated implicitly or explicitly most of the important empirical relationships and processes which subsequent intensive experimentation and the successful processes of contemporary industry have sought out and confirmed. Such was the power of Willard Gibbs sitting at his table in the laboratory or at his desk in his study on High Street, with little more than a blank sheet of paper, a sharp lead pencil, Clausius's general thermodynamical assumptions, and the powerful logical tool of mathematical analy-

(Continued on page 59)

*WILLARD GIBBS: American Genius. By Muriel Rukeyser. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. 1942. 445 pp., appendix and index. $3.50.

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That Little Deaf Woman at Norwich

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

WHEN Harriet Martineau was about to sail for this country in the summer of 1834 she was pursued by a publisher's representative who offered her an advance of five hundred pounds for her book.

"What book?"

"The book you are going to write about the United States."

But so far was Harriet from admitting even to herself any intention of writing a book that she refused the offer flatly and set sail with a free mind. Even the famous Murray sent her word through a friend that he would like to publish the book, but she declined to commit herself. She was thirty-two years old, overworked and in ill health, and the avowed object of the voyage was rest and change. But she was looking forward with the liveliest curiosity to seeing the precocious infant republic in which the British people took an interest in spite of itself. And when she returned to England two years later she was so primed with facts, interviews, and opinions there was no alternative. She had to write.

Three publishers waited upon her to bid against one another. Their technique was wasted. Harriet had no intention of selling out to the highest bidder. She calmly refused an offer of two thousand pounds from Bentley while Saunders cooled his heels below, and Colburn, hugging a letter of introduction from the poet Campbell, took a walk to bide his time. She told Bentley that two thousand pounds was extravagant, that the book could not earn that much, heard each man out, and accepted Saunders's tender of nine hundred pounds. Even that was big money in those days.

The book was "Society in America," though the author much preferred her original name for it, "Theory and Practice of Society in America"—she certainly had no ear for good titles. It was published by Saunders & Otley in 1837, had a fair sale, was pirated in America, vigorously discussed in both countries, and angrily denounced by our Southern editors for its strictures on slavery.

Saunders did not wait for the returns to come in before proposing another book on the United States, containing what was left out of the first work, those intimate personal experiences that make lively reading. Carlyle urged her to undertake it, and told her he would rather read of Webster's cavernous eyes and arm under his coat-tails than all the political speculation that a cut-and-dried system could suggest. He was right. "Retrospect of Western Travel" is incomparably better reading than its predecessor for that very reason. It can still be read with enjoyment by anyone interested in that period of our past. If Harriet had but possessed the frankness of our modern writers of personal reminiscences and a greater sense of the dramatic possibilities of her material, she might have written a really great book. Even so, "Retrospect" was a success.

The book and its author have experienced a mild revival of interest of late. Harper's brought out this fall a reprint* in facsimile of the first American edition of the "Retrospect" to celebrate its publication by that house a hundred years ago. It seems that during a visit to their establishment they made what Harriet considered a very flippant offer for her first American book, still unwritten and still unacknowledged, and she devotes a blistering page of her autobiography to her interview with whichever "Mr. Harper" was current in 1834. (Harriet was addicted to that most irritating biographical fault, the "Lady S—" and "Mr. T—" habit; a "prominent New York woman" or a "gentleman distinguished in politics," so we do not know which Harper so aroused her ire, except from her characterization, "head of the redoubtable piratical publishing house of New York.") She was particularly offended by his suggestion that she "Trollopize" her stuff. The inference is that Harpers's got both books in the end on their own terms, for she declares she never received a cent from the United States for either.

*RETROSPECT OF WESTERN TRAVEL. By Harriet Martineau. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 2 Vols.: Vol. I, 276 pp.; Vol. II, 239 pp. $4.

Deaf Harriet Martineau collected material for a book by word of mouth.

However, the point of all this is to note that the reprint of "Retrospect of Western Travel" evoked reviews in most of the magazines and newspapers that gave space to books, and some articles about the author, and that in all this print no comment has been made on the really amazing achievement of Harriet Martineau. It was not, as you may think, that she wrote books, a lot of books—not first-class books, it must be confessed but that is beside the point. Writing has been the recourse of scores of the deaf—Dr. Johnson, Charles Johnstone ("The Adventures of a Guinea"), Le Sage, Swinburne, Bulwer, Swinnerton, McFee, Grace Ellery Channing, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Ellen Olney Kirk, Carolyn Wells, Dorothy Canfield among them. Hard-of-hearing writers could make a little Allibone's Dictionary of their own. Nor was it that she visited this country and described her adventures and impression. Nearly all English visitors did that, and most of their books kicked up a rumpus as Harriet's did. The remarkable thing about these two books is that all the verbal information in them—and most of the material could only have been acquired by word of mouth—was gathered through the medium of a large brass ear trumpet. For Harriet was very, very deaf.

THAT is the outstanding fact about her. That is what makes her life an epic of will power and determination to overcome a seemingly insurmountable handicap. It is true not only of these American books but of a large majority of the 119 books she wrote, for travel books with Harriet did not mean descriptions of scenery but talks with people and setting down what they said. Only one who has been hard-of-hearing all his life, as I have, can appreciate the difficulty of her task and the measure of its achievement. She met nearly every one of importance—Jefferson, Madison, Emerson, Van Buren, Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Garrison, Chief Justice Marshall, Gallatin, Channing, and Priestley (she was a Unitarian at the time), Livingston, Story—pinned each of them with her ear trumpet, made them talk, got what they said, and got it correctly. Her opinions made

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some people mad, but no one successfully disproved her facts.

She was armed with a portfolio of letters of introduction from the great of England. These gave her access, but beyond that it was up to her. The men and women who talked to her so fully and amiably were not the sort who suffer fools gladly. Nothing is easier than to dodge conversation with a deaf person, and on the other hand nothing is easier than for a deaf person to give up if the going becomes too hard. There are many hardships in being hard-of-hearing but the hardest is to listen intelligently and magnetically—to *listen,* not to talk. She must have had some quality outside her magic trumpet that made these people willing to talk to her, for they did talk, at length, and she has set it all down, with lively and not always flattering pen pictures of the talkers.

How deaf was she? She was eleven years old when her hearing began to fail, and congratulated herself that she had acquired so much of her education before it was too late—reminding one of Chesterfield's philosophical observation that he did not lose the power of hearing until he had almost lost the desire for it. From then on her deafness became progressively worse, as is almost invariably the case, until she could not hear ordinary conversation the width of a room nor understand a speaker who stood beside her and spoke over her head. At Queen Victoria's coronation she could hear only the loudest of the music.

AT eighteen she realized it was time to adopt a hearing device, but like the rest of us she hesitated, complaining that a trumpet "spoiled her cap-borders." At first she used a rubber tube with a mouthpiece at the end—friends of the late E. S. Martin will recall this device so long associated with him. It frightened her friends and so embarrassed Lord Brougham he could not talk to her. Then she adopted the uncompromising trumpet that became her badge, the insignia of her triumph over physical handicap, and with its aid did a prodigious work.

She had confidence in herself, a quality we deafened frequently lack. Of her fitness to write a book about what she had learned of the United States she says in the introduction to "Society in America":

> I labored under one peculiar disadvantage that I am aware of, but that one is incalculable. I mean my deafness. This does not endanger the accuracy of my information, I believe, as far as it goes, because I carry a trumpet of remarkable fidelity; an instrument, moreover, which seems to exert some winning power, by which I gain more in tête-a-têtes than is given to people who hear general conversation. Probably its charm consists in the new feeling of ease and privacy conversing with a deaf person. However this may be, I can hardly imagine fuller revelations to be made in household intercourse than my trumpet brought me. But I am aware there is no estimating the loss in a foreign country from not hearing the casual conversation of all kinds of people, in the streets, stages, hotels, etc.

Nor was this the first large scale adventure in gathering oral information with an ear trumpet. Already before tackling America she had performed a remarkable feat in writing twenty-five little books of fiction with economic morals, hinging on knotty problems in British social or political structure—tithes, poaching, corn laws, rotten boroughs, free trade, and the like. She called them by the awkward title of "Political Economy Tales." The chunks of economic wisdom were not well assimilated; the vehicle of fiction rather thin, but their success was enormous.

Brougham, then Lord Chancellor, eagerly availed himself of her aid in preparing the public mind for reform legislation he had in hand, but she resented the reports that he was her backer, that he financed her American tour, and records that he never paid the hundred pounds he had promised for four of her tracts. Her opinion of him is rather acid and seems less just than that which history accords him, and he appears to have run the whole gamut from admiration to dislike of her. Once he testily alluded to her as the "little deaf woman at Norwich," and later he exclaimed, "Harriet Martineau! I hate her!" But he admitted the value of her help.

Although Harriet had a whole library of documents, records, Parliamentary Blue Books, and drafts of impending bills to give her the basic facts about the complex subjects she was trying to put into simple formulas for the general public, she also relied heavily on human documents. She talked with all sorts and conditions of men, crofters, working men, foreign consuls, returned civil servants, members of Parliament, up to the Chancellor himself, and used her material as expertly as the sharpest-eared interviewer could have done. However vindictively opponents of the proposed laws disagreed with her findings, they could not impugn her facts.

AS with most of her books, the "Tales" stirred up a storm of controversy. Indeed her publicity, which she did not desire and certainly did not cultivate, would excite the envy of a modern press agent. Her tract in defense of Malthus's theory of population, a theory that came close to the delicate subject of contraception, gave Lockhart and Croker an opportunity to pour forth all their scurrilous wit and innuendo in an article in the *Quarterly Review.* The Tory press attacked vindictively, but Lord Durham made the young Princess Victoria read the whole series. The "Tales" were translated into most European languages and brought new hope to common people everywhere, but were viewed with alarm by autocratic governments. The Czar had them burned; Austria forbade the author to enter that country, and although Guizot himself translated them into French, the king was greatly disaffected by one number. But the sales had passed the ten thousand mark, a large number in the England of a hundred years ago, before Harriet returned from America.

Twice again was she destined to become a storm center. When she traveled in the far East and wrote her "Eastern Life," with its frank comments on comparative religion, she was branded an infidel and the clergy were exercised. Then, as she believed, she was cured of a life-long illness by mesmerism and published her experiences, and the entire medical profession was aroused. This brought about the greatest sorrow in her life, for her favorite brother wrote a scathing review of this book, and the breach between them was never healed. To her official biographer, Maria W. Chapman, she said "Deal gently with James."

One other phase of this curious but inspiring life must be noted because it is also significant in connection with her deafness, and that is her social success. She writes of it with a strange mixture of modesty and pride. She was "lionized," but so detested that feature of London social and literary life she wrote and published a long article on its falsity and snobbishness, and incorporated it in her autobiography as evidence. Naturally, like all the deaf, she was more partial to the tête-a-tête than to general parties, but she was invited out constantly, far beyond her strength and time, met everybody

(*Continued on page* 58)

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POSTERITY
Looks Back at the Critics

HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By Edward Gibbon. London: W. Strahan and T. Cadell. 1776-88. *Six vols., with index.* $45.

"SUCH is the affectation of his style that I could never get through the half of one of his volumes. If anybody would translate him into good classical English, I should read him with eagerness, for I know there must be much curious matter in his work. His cavils against religion have all been confuted; he does not seem to understand that part of his subject; indeed, I have never yet met with a man or with an author who both understood Christianity and disbelieved it."

—JAMES BEATTIE, *letter to the Duchess of Gordon, 1776.*

"You have, unexpectedly, given the world a classic history. The fame it must acquire will tend every day to acquit this panegyric of flattery."

—HORACE WALPOLE, *letter to the author, 1776.*

"Another d--mn'd thick, square book! Always scribble, scribble, scribble! eh, Mr. Gibbon?"

—DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *on the presentation of the second volume of the work, 1781.*

"I cannot express to you the pleasure it gives me to find that, by the universal assent of every man of taste and learning whom I either know or correspond with, it sets you at the very head of the whole literary tribe at present existing in Europe."

—ADAM SMITH, *letter to the author, 1788.*

"A verbose, inflated style . . . a perpetual affectation of wit, irony, and satire, altogether unsuited to the historic character, and what is worse, by a freethinking, licentious spirit which spares neither morals nor religion, and must make every honest man regard him as a bad citizen and pernicious writer."

—RICHARD HURD, *"Commonplace Book," 1808.*

"Has, to a great excess, the faults of elaborateness, pompousness, and monotony . . . The work of Gibbon, however instructive and fascinating it may be, is nevertheless at bottom an offensive one, on account of his deficiency in feeling, and his propensity to the infidel opinions and impious mockeries of Voltaire."

—FREDERICK SCHLEGEL, *"Lectures on the History of Literature," 1815.*

"Having previously read the first two lectures of Frederick Schlegel, I had the pleasure of comparison, and I found much in Gibbon that I had thought original in Schlegel."

—HENRY CRABB ROBINSON, *"Diary," 1820.*

"Writers have remarked . . . about the 'History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' some negligences, some false or imperfect views, some omissions, which it is impossible not to suppose voluntary; they have rectified some facts, combated with advantage some assertions, but in general they have taken the researches and ideas of Gibbon, as points of departure, or as proofs of the researches of the new opinions which they have advanced."

—FRANCOIS PIERRE GUIZOT, *Preface to "Gibbon's Works," 1828.*

"Gibbon's style is detestable. . . . His work is little else but a disguised collection of all the splendid anecdotes which he could find in any book concerning any persons or nations from the Antonines to the capture of Constantinople. When I read a chapter in Gibbon I seem to be looking through a luminous haze or fog—figures come and go, I know not how or why, all larger than life, or distorted or discolored; nothing is real, vivid, true. And then to call it a History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire! Was there ever a greater misnomer? . . . And that poor skepticism, which Gibbon mistook for Socratic philosophy, has led him to misstate and mistake the character and influence of Christianity in a way which even an avowed infidel or atheist would not and could not have done. Gibbon . . . had no philosophy, and he never fully understood the principle upon which the best of the old historians wrote."

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, *"Table Talk," 1833.*

"Gibbon has, with much pains, succeeded in producing a tolerably graphic picture of here and there a battle, a tumult, or an insurrection; his book is full of movement and costume, and would make a series of very pretty ballets at the Opera House, and the ballets would give us fully as distinct an idea of the Roman Empire and how it declined and fell, as the book does. If we want that, we must look anywhere but in Gibbon."

—JOHN STUART MILL, *"The French Revolution," 1837.*

"With all his swagger and bombast, no man ever gave a more futile account . . . of human life than he has done of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire; assigning no profound cause for these phenomena, nothing but diseased nerves, and all sorts of miserable motives, to the actors in them."

—THOMAS CARLYLE, *"Lectures on the History of Literature," 1838.*

"He is grossly partial to the pagan persecutors; quite offensively so. . . . He writes like a man who had received some personal injury from Christianity, and wished to be revenged on it and all its professors."

—THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, *"Diary," 1838.*

"There is no more solid book in the world than Gibbon's history. . . ."

—WALTER BAGEHOT, *"Edward Gibbon," 1856.*

"Gibbon has now been jealously scrutinized by two generations of eager and unscrupulous opponents, and I am only expressing the general opinions of competent judges when I say that by each successive scrutiny it has gained fresh reputation. Against his celebrated fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, all the devices of controversy have been exhausted, but the only result has been that while his fame is untarnished, the attacks of his enemies are falling into complete oblivion. . . ."

—HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE, *"History of Civilization in England," 1857.*

"The famous sixteenth chapter . . . was assailed furiously, but in vain, each assault exposing the weakness of the assailants; and it was only by adopting his history, and editing it with judicious notes, that the Church silenced the enemy it could not crush."

—OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM, *"Transcendentalism in New England," 1876.*

"We, some of us, nowadays, know the period of which he wrote even better than he did; but which one of us shall build so admirable a monument to ourselves, as artists, out of what we know? The Scholar finds his immortality in the form he gives to his work. It is a hard saying, but the truth of it is inexorable: be an artist, or prepare for oblivion."

—WOODROW WILSON, *"Mere Literature," 1896.*

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What SRL Reviewers Are Giving at Christmas

OF the 222 titles listed in the questionnaires of the forty-seven contributors enumerated below, twenty-four appeared twice or more often. W. S. White's saga of the epic struggle at Bataan, "They Were Expendable," led all other entries two to one, receiving ten mentions as against five for any other volume. That the high favor in which this book was held was not due solely to its being a chronicle of the world struggle would appear from the fact that the runners-up to that work were neither of them narratives of the present war. Alfred Kazin's "On Native Grounds," a study of American literature, and Tolstoy's "War and Peace," reissued last summer with an introduction by Clifton Fadiman, shared honors for second place with five mentions each. A novel of Nazi Germany, "Last Train from Berlin," by H. K. Smith, and Hesketh Pearson's biography of George Bernard Shaw, came next with four votes each. The war, however, so far as the general lists were concerned, was apparently the predominant interest of the majority of contributors. Of the five novels which receive more than one mention three have to do with the struggle, and the fourth, Tolstoy's "War and Peace," may be presumed to have assumed particular interest by its pertinence to the Russian campaigns of the present. Franz Werfel's "The Song of Bernadette" is the only work of contemporary fiction receiving more than one mention which does not deal with the impact of the world situation on its characters. Fiction, as a matter of fact, falls way behind nonfiction in the listing. That in general reflects a concern with the social, economic, and political problems of the day, a taste for poetry and belles lettres, some harking back to the classics of literature, and a marked absence of interest in the so-called escape books and in the mystery story. Most of the books which appear on recent best seller lists find representation in the choices of contributors. Their selections as a whole, it is safe to say, manifest greater discrimination than a cross-section of the reading of the wide public would show.

Almost at random from the lists of our contributors we cull some of their comments. Here's Irwin Edman, for instance, saying of Alfred Kazin, with whose "On Native Ground" he heads his choices, "the most impressive and engaging critical voice in a generation." Here's Mark Gayn, in relaxed mood, pronouncing "The Complete Dashiell Hammett, "a busman's holiday." Christopher Morley, always to be depended upon for old favorites as well as new enthusiasms, recommends "The Spirit of Man," edited by Robert Bridges, as "the best anthology for a gift (and has been for twenty-five years)." Howard W. Odum says every citizen ought to read "See Here, Private Hargrove," and Phil Stong counsels that "anyone who reads 'War and Peace' should read the Memoirs of de Coulaincourt whose French version of Napoleon's Russian campaign is amazingly in agreement with Tolstoy's." And of "War and Peace" itself, Louis Untermeyer says "A deathlessly timely work—now more than ever." Paul Schubert thinks Miksche's "Attack" a "must book." Robert Nathan, in suggesting "They Were Expendable" finds it "good medicine for civilians." And Nathan L. Rothman goes back five years in giving Elliot Paul's "Life and Death of a Spanish Town," which he describes as "still the best account of the brutal tragedy of fascism."

Books marked with an asterisk are suggested as especially suitable for men in the armed forces.

HALLETT ABEND	The Just and the Unjust	Government by Assassination	The Year of the Wild Boar	Freely to Pass	
CHARLES D. ABBOTT	Clark Gifford's Body	Willard Gibbs: American Genius	Bowen's Court	*A Treasury of Great Poems	*Sergeant Nikola
LOUIS ADAMIC	*They Were Expendable	*A Time for Greatness	On Native Grounds	The Great Journey	*This Is my Best
JACQUES BARZUN	The Future of Industrial Man	On Native Grounds	Plato's Republic in Modern English	Dictionary of Quotations	The Good Inheritance
STEPHEN V. BENÉT	Lee's Lieutenants	Red Hills and Cotton	For My People	The Paris We Remember	They Were Expendable
VAN WYCK BROOKS	Writers in Crisis	On Native Grounds	Glimpses of World History	As William James Said	
STRUTHERS BURT	Rebels and Gentlemen	The Last Frontier	Berlin Diary	John Brown's Body	There Were Giants in the Land
BENNETT CERF	Innocent Merriment	Drawn and Quartered	See Here, Private Hargrove	They Were Expendable	Suez to Singapore
ALAN DEVOE	This Green World	Fading Trails	Near Horizons	Village Year 1941	Audubon's America
FAIRFAX DOWNEY	*Field Artillery Gunnery and Book 161	*Service of the Piece—FM 6-75	*The ABC's of the IDR	*Administration FM 12-220	*Army Regulations
COL. R. ERNEST DUPUY	*Pattern for Conquest	*Reveille in Washington	*Free Men Are Fighting	*The Background of Our War	*I Love You, I Love You, I Love You
IRWIN EDMAN	On Native Grounds	Philosophy in a New Key	One Man's Meat	Primer for Combat	
CARL J. FRIEDRICH	The Seventh Cross	*Village in August	*The New Belief in the Common Man	Last Train from Berlin	They Were Expendable
MARK GAYN	Suez to Singapore	Last Train from Berlin	*The Seventh Cross	And Quiet Flows the Don	*The Complete Dashiell Hammett
SIDNEY HOOK	Freedom and Culture	Art and Freedom	An Inquiry into Freedom and Truth	Out of the Night	Seed Underneath the Snow
HORACE M. KALLEN	Freedom and Culture	American Taxation	The Short Bible	The Will to Believe	Jefferson in Power

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ALFRED KAZIN	The Private Reader	The Bible as Living Literature	Mozart	The Colden Hind: Book of Elizabethan Literature	Gramaphone Shop Book of Recordings
HENRY B. KRANZ	*The Song of Bernadette	*The Coming Battle of Germany	*They Were Expendable	The Guilt of the German Army	Inside Latin America
BERTRAM D. LEWIN	The Wound and the Bow	My Heart for Hostage	The Castle	Texas: A World in Itself	Year of the Wild Boar
REBECCA LOWRIE	Have You Anything To Declare?	Behold This Dreamer	*Subtreasury of American Humor	*Anthony	Twenty
ANDRÉ MAUROIS	*Men at War	*Flight to Arras	The Twilight of France	Suez to Singapore	*War and Peace
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY	The Weald of Youth	Drawn and Quartered	The Death of the Moth	The Spirit of Man	
ROBERT NATHAN	The Prodigal Women	They Were Expendable	*Queen of the Flat Tops	Thirteen by Corwin	Collected Poems of Robert Frost
HOWARD W. ODUM	*Leaves of Grass	Culture of Cities	*John Brown's Body	*Life and the Student	The Moon Is Down
FLETCHER PRATT	Treasury of Great Poems	Mormon Country	Layman's Guide to Naval Strategy	Toward a Philosophy of History	
BEN RAY REDMAN	The Complete Works of Tacitus. Modern Lib. Ed.	Social and Cultural Dynamics	A Study of History	The Nature of Peace	Mythology
R. ELLIS ROBERTS	*I Too Have Lived in Arcadia	*Cross Creek	*Wandering Scholars	*The Death of the Moth	*We Have Been Friends Together
SELDEN RODMAN	Person Place and Thing	The Techniques of Democracy	The Destroyers	Ruins and Visions	Goals for America
LINDSAY ROGERS	*The Guilt of the German Army	Passed to You	*Planning the War		
CARL P. ROLLINS	The Wheelwright's Shop	Storm	The Last Time I Saw Paris	The Sermon on the Mount	News from Nowhere
NATHAN L. ROTHMAN	American Renaissance	*Look Homeward, Angel	Selected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers	*Life and Writings of Abraham Lincoln	*Life and Death of a Spanish Town
PAUL SCHUBERT	Near Horizons	Attack	Layman's Guide to Naval Strategy	Roots of Strategy	
ROGER SHAW	War and Peace	The World's Illusion	Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion: 18th Century	*The Great Offensive	*They Were Expendable
WILLIAM L. SHIRER	On Native Grounds	*The Great Offensive	*They Were Expendable	*Last Train from Berlin	Francais, Voici La Verité
KRISHNALAL SHRIDHARANI	*G.B.S.	*American Unity and Asia	Toward Freedom	All Night Long	*War and Peace
GEORGE N. SHUSTER	Letters to His Wife: General Pickett	Imitation of Christ	War and Peace	I Was in Hell with Niemoeller	The Future of Industrial Man
BERNARD SOBEL	Buddenbrooks	Vanity Fair	Memoirs of a Midget	Maurice Gest	Mummer's Wife
WALLACE STEGNER	Vermont Is Where You Find It	Angel Mo' and Her Son—Roland Hayes	Autobiography (J. Nehru)	No Day of Triumph	Year of Decision —1846
PHIL STONG	See Here, Private Hargrove	My World—And Welcome to It	The Spectral Bride	The Voyages of Columbus	Studies in Diplomacy
ROBERT STRAUZ-HUPE	*Conditions of Peace	They Were Expendable	*Life of Nelson	*Democratic Ideals and Reality	Retreat to Victory
MANYA G. STRUNSKY	G.B.S.	War and Peace	*America—The Story of a Free People	The Dust Which Is God	Pride and Prejudice
ORDWAY TEAD	Techniques of Democracy	Goals for America	Living Religions and a Modern Faith	The United States and Civilization	
LOUIS UNTERMEYER	*My World—And Welcome to It	*Victory Through Air Power	American Genius	*War and Peace	A Witness Tree
NYM WALES	*Village in August	Autobiography (Jawaharlal Nehru)	*Mission to Moscow		
H. P. WHIDDEN, Jr.	Conditions of Peace	*The Great Offensive	A Time for Greatness	G.B.S.	*Look to the Mountain
F. C. WEISKOPF	*Last Train from Berlin	*The Seventh Cross	*They Were Expendable	*Russians Don't Surrender	*Dawn Breaks
HENRY C. WOLFE	*The War in Maps	*Goodbye Japan	Return to the Future	The Song of Bernadette	Since Yesterday

A listing of these books according to author and publisher may be found on page 50

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Pearl S. Buck —
Spiritual Descendant of Tom Paine

HENRY LEE

IT was the year of the jitterbugs. The pied piper on the clarinet had them writhing in the aisles. An Akron plant worked day and night, turning out thousands of statuettes of the Disney dwarfs. *Rubber* statuettes. The hero was Wrong-Way Corrigan; the only enemy, a mythical army from Mars. The year 1938 is vanished Americana: swing and youth and silly fun and fears. It was then that Pearl Buck said the one hope for an American philosophy of life, calling for real literature, would be one forced upon Americans, and almost without their consciousness, by world events.

World events certainly have punctured the gee-whiz adolescence. Miss Buck now is observing perhaps the first steps toward the culture she prophesied. "Something catastrophic is happening to people's minds," she told me. "War bombs cities. It bombs people's ideas, too." By pen and microphone and prodigious energy, Miss Buck herself is contributing to the mental assault.

What writers are doing for the war, what the war is doing for writers, makes exciting literary history. What are they thinking? What are they writing? What are they *doing?* This is a report on the wartime activities of Miss Buck, whose serene toughness well represents the kind of writer who faces the war squarely, and wants to do something about it. "I am not disturbed by war," she said simply. "I've never lived in certainty. I follow the Chinese theme—to keep the changeless self in the midst of the 10,000 changes."

Her own activities stem from a fundamental approach to this war:—That by it, a revolutionary change is taking place in the relationships of peoples and at the same time, a sharpening of their latent conflicts. It is like an earthquake. Beneath the superficial havoc and heroism, profound, unseen shiftings are agitating the sedimentary layers.

The yellow, brown, and black men of the world, she feels, are on the march. "If we intend to persist blindly in our racial prejudices," she warns, "then we are fighting on the wrong side in this war. We belong with Hitler. For the white man can no longer rule in this world unless he rules by totalitarian military force." And we, who have tried so patronizingly to "understand" these other races, now discover uneasily that they demand we explain ourselves. This is Miss Buck's job for the duration, and after; an interpreter, a cultural liaison officer between the Western World to which she belongs and the resurgent Orient where she grew up.

Her greatest vehicle is the East and West Association, to which she has pledged all her extra time for the next ten years. The association, non-profit and non-partisan, seeks, through movies, lectures, books and radio, to let all peoples know how much alike they are. It is a gigantic effort in goodwill and understanding. Headquarters are at 40 East 49th St. in New York City, a book's throw from Grand Central. Similar units also are being formed in China, India, Australia, Mexico, and other countries. As in trade, the balance of culture should not be preponderantly on one side.

"It isn't a cause," Miss Buck explains carefully. "Prohibition and woman suffrage were causes. This isn't a cause because we haven't any axe to grind. We have no policies. We strive only to enable the authentic China and the authentic Australia and the authentic India and the authentic America and all the other countries to know each other."

The work has pointed up some flaws in our own life. A certain philosophical aloofness, for example. "If you say 'all men' to a Chinese," Miss Buck says, "he pricks up his ears. He is more interested than if you say 'the people of one country.' In America, you have to discuss what country they like. Now, they're interested in anything you can say about China. There's no use presenting a universal concept to the American people. They think in terms of emotion and prejudice. In certain compartments of their mind, which they open on holidays, they think everybody should be free."

This is a lesser trouble. The people *are* being educated by the war, she finds, and "the masses" much more quickly than "the intellectuals." There is, too, in our country a life and vigor which she can describe only by a Hollywood adjective—"tremendous." The great weakness is that we lack a synthesizer of our culture when we put our best books forward.

Miss Buck came up against that in startling fashion when the East and West Association besought the literary critics to nominate the books depicting America for Asian readers. "This list of books," she said, reporting the dilemma in *Asia* (now *Asia and the Americas*), "is nothing but a handshake across the sea, a handshake and a look into each other's eyes—nothing more." Wrote Clifton Fadiman: "Most of our good books represent us in a bad light, and few of them give America *whole.*" Other critics agreed.

MISS BUCK recognizes that we are very young to have yet assimilated the elements of our civilization. Nonetheless, the weakness is there. "We have no great American synthesizer to give our whole culture a unity," she told me. "We haven't had one great figure come up as Tolstoy came up. The demands that India, China, Russia put upon us to explain ourselves—what we are—may bring it about." A suggestion, perhaps, for Elmer Davis and OWI. Needed:—An American Tolstoy.

(The final choice of the East and West Association for Asian reading is interesting:—"Huckleberry Finn" and "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," all six volumes of "Our Times," Sandburg's "Lincoln," "The Flowering of New England," both "Arrowsmith" and "Main Street," Ruth Suckow's "The Folks," "Leaves of Grass," "My Antonia," "The Yearling," "The Rise of American Civilization," "The Epic of America," "The Grapes of Wrath," and "Little Women."

(Honorable mention went to:—"John Brown's Body," Rolvaag's "Giants in the Earth," "Middletown," "Only Yesterday," "The Oregon Trail," and "Walden.")

The book survey has been sent out by the East and West Association to hundreds of universities, cultural organizations and schools throughout the Near and Far East—with the humble request that they do the same for us. Here is no literary imperialism. A similar list of the best interpretive American movies is being compiled. In the field of biography, Miss Buck has asked the editorial writers to name the most representative Americans, 1900 or later. She is also editing all of the East and West Association educational material, and has prepared guide book data for the Army and Navy, so that our service men abroad will mind their p's and queues.

She much prefers to take her dis-

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cussion in small groups. In one day in town, she held informal give-and-take with a classful of elementary school pupils, later with teachers, and then with a local of a union. In the evening, she attended the preview of an Indian movie, and discussed with Indian leaders here whether it would serve the cause of freedom of their country in the United States. However, in the cause of international amity, she also accepts cheerfully a strong diet of fried-chicken-green-pease banquets. (China-India Day at the Waldorf-Astoria drew more than 2,000 persons; newsreels and transcriptions of the event were sent to China.)

A FEW years ago, Miss Buck caused considerable consternation by asserting that the abyss between the average person and literature is "bottomless"; that the latter seems "slowly dying of uselessness." She told me she still feels there is a great abyss between intellectuals and common people (as in China, she says, but not in England). Too, there has been no fundamental change among the intellectuals since the war, while the others have been quickly educated. In much of her East and West Association work, she goes directly to the receptive masses *via* radio.

An original script, "Chinese Incident," has been produced in a Treasury Department broadcast and a program of the Office of Emergency Management. Others have been given to United China Relief for their broadcasts. She's written seven dramas for shortwave transmission in Mandarin to the Orient; written and broadcast for OWI. Through the East and West Association, NBC adapted her short story, "The Old Demon," for the air.

At present, she is working on a special Oriental program for Shortwave Station WRUL. Two series, on women of the Orient and on the countries of Asia, are under consideration by two major networks.

The war demands have encroached enormously upon Miss Buck's time. Two nights and a day each week she spends in New York, mostly on East and West Association work. Home in Bucks County, she is equally busy, but she reserves from 8:30 A.M. to 12:30, before the big noon-day dinner, for her creative writing. "All my household, all my life, is organized around those four absolutely untouched hours," she says. "Four hours is as much as one ought to write creatively."

With it all, she spends a considerable part of each day with her children. Even when she is working at home, the children play nearby where she can hear them. A modest social life, no big parties or dinners, helps her save time. But it's chiefly her enormous concentration—a trait she finds exasperating because often she doesn't hear people when they talk—which chiefly enables her to get so much done.

—*SRL photo by Arni*

Pearl S. Buck: "I am not a crusader. . . . I have no desire to push people. I like to present facts."

The war also has intimately affected her creative work. She is essaying now a rather hazardous experiment. Readers of "Dragon Seed" will remember the closing lines, spoken of the hint of rain, yet symbolic. Leo Er, bitter because the Western democracies had not sufficiently aided China, says to his father, "Only a promise." Miss Buck's new book, which she now is writing, carries on the story. Its title, "The Promise."

The significant thing is that it's being written *contemporaneously* with the news. It's being published serially in *Asia and The Americas,* even before Miss Buck knows just where the news foundation will carry her. This is a long step from the measured, Biblical tempo of "The Good Earth"—and perilously close to journalism. I asked Miss Buck, in fact, just where lies the distinction in a case like this. "I think it's a mixture," she admitted, "I'm doing what I've never done before—it may be a complete flop." But people who know her say she frequently has qualms about her books while they are in process of being written—and she has yet to have her fears confirmed.

But she is very sure of one thing about her new, wartime writing. She is *not* a crusader. Perhaps no other American writer, certainly no woman writer, has so dramatized and championed the cause of the colored races since Harriet Beecher Stowe. Miss Buck disclaims all literary kinship and sympathy with that lady. "I am not a crusader," she repeats. "She was. I have no desire to push people. I like to present the facts. If you don't want to do anything, that's not my business." The best she can say for Harriet is that she was "a good woman," who had one-half of what it takes, the force but not the creative skill. Her recipe for great genius is complete energy and complete skill. Hugo, Tolstoy had both, she thinks.

Crusader or not, she does have the knack, out of personal experiences, to sympathize with the other races, to appreciate how trivial are the super-

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ficial differences which alienate us. At 17, after spending most of her youth in China, she went to Randolph-Macon College in Virginia, and learned first-hand how frail, but formidable-seeming are those barriers.

"I suppose my point of view was Eastern," she said. "At first acquaintance, the students all seemed very strange to me. They had their friends and their interests. Their mode of life was new to me. It was their superficial peculiarities rather than their essential qualities that first impressed me. Probably I seemed as queer to them as they did to me. I withdrew into myself and feared to betray my feelings. I was an object of curiosity and to each newcomer, I was pointed out as a freak who could speak Chinese."

Even four years ago, when she won the Nobel prize for literature, she still was regarded as an exotic alien in her own land. I remember the mass interview when she met the newspaper-magazine men on that occasion. She had Western manners and carried no chopsticks, and might have been any superior lady from Westchester. Yet the first question the reporters asked her (remember, this was in the year 1938, the gee-whiz year) was, "Miss Buck, do you *dream* in Chinese?"

She considered it politely and her answer was revealing. I've never forgotten it. "I've done both," she said. "My stories are told in Chinese in my own mind and then translated. I have to fight it. I have to go back and take out the idioms that won't translate properly."

Now that our spirit is sobering and deepening, she is undoubtedly, with this curious East-West personality, the ideal agent to accelerate what she believes must come out of this war:—a better, tolerant, understanding relationship among the races of all color.

West of Manhattan Transfer

FRANCES SMYTHE

LET the people from west of Manhattan Transfer
Fill the theatres, throng the Met,
Calculate any and every chance for
Getting the Value they want to get.
Let them sit through concerts and walk through galleries,
Better their minds and improve their taste;
Or spend, if they feel like it, all their salaries
In a dozen kinds of conspicuous waste.
Let them follow the Bike Race and watch the Horse Show,
The fastest hockey, the biggest fights,
Or catch, if they care to, a different floor-show
On every one of the seven nights.
Let them mine wherever they think the vein is—
Wall Street, Carnegie Hall, the Stork—
Whose hearts lie over the Alleghenies
For all the taxes they pay New York.

There are three museums in this city I stew in;
There are four burlesques and four hundred bars;
Chamber music, Yehudi Menuhin,
And plays with Original Broadway Stars.
There's a symphony orchestra wreathed in laurels;
There are schools for whatever the mind can dabble in;
And thanks to the level of local morals
When the sun has set there's a roaring Babylon.
If you yearn for enlightenment, thirst for high-life,
This is your town, you can hang your hat here.
But when's it's a question of me and of my life
I know what I want and there's none of that here.
In spite of the music and art, in spite of
The excellent banquet to feed the soul,
All that you've got in the end is the sight of
An inland city that burns soft coal,
Fouled streets, soiled skies, and untunable voices
Saying what nobody wants to hear,
And no hope of finding, when such your choice is,
A steak that's ever been near a steer.
For with all it's stuff for a civic heyday
You dwell in the City of Dreadful Meat,
Where however reckless you feel on pay-day
You can't buy a dinner that's fit to eat.

Let the people who pour from New York to visit
Back home each Christmas, if they can make it,
Live as they like. Whose business is it
What thirst they slake, or whether they slake it
With Capital, Culture, or Entertainment?
(After seven seasons I think I've guessed
Some part of what boarding an east-bound train meant
To anyone raised in the Middle West.)
Let them sample the mysteries, taste the sweets
They could savor in Akron if they were there.
Myself, I'll dream of the marvelous streets
Like Roman roads; of the radiant air;
Of the wordless thrust of each wonderful building,
The upward, incredible plunge, the sheer
Break from the earth into sunlight gilding
What was gold to start with. I'll dream I'm near
The silent piers that the barges tie to;
That I'm walking at night through the dark supply yards
Off Little West Twelfth; and in dreams I'll fly to
The festival grace of a lunch at Maillard's;
To a vegetable market with Boston lettuce,
December strawberries, winter squashes,
And a good kind vegetable man who'll get us
Barrels and barrels of MacIntoshes.

Oh beautiful city, my own, my native,
Whose pavements I've covered on skates and scooter,
And chalked for hopscotch, and, contemplative,
Ambled along with a schoolboy suitor,
There are other cities, I know, I've seen them.
Their air is soft and their aspect tender,
They have noble boulevards, trees to screen them,
And gentle roofs and a twilight splendor
Half actual magic and half nostalgia.
Their men are proud and their women pretty.
But as far as the boys in Horatio Alger
And I are concerned, when we say "the City"
We mean THE CITY: that one, that only,
That I dream of here in my day-long stupor.
The others are nothing to me. I'm lonely
For the city that's built like Gary Cooper,
Taller than all of them, leaner, stronger.
That one's mine. And the terrible part is
That the miles are long and the months are longer
And home's not there where the aching heart is.

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The Guns of Toulon

November 27, 1942

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE ships lay in the bay
in the early morning,
in the Harbor of Toulon,
in the dark before dawn
the fleet's line was drawn
where the great deed was done
when the Word outran the sun
with terrible warning.

Like fire along a fuse
that a wind has flurried,
swiftly from lip to lip
of men, and ship to ship,
in death-bound fellowship
the fierce Word hurried.

The hated hordes came on,
making France a mire
for the armament of clods
that dreamed they were demigods,
in whom the outrageous odds
stirred sullen fire.

But all unknown to their eyes
whose hearts are given
in hate to the Father of Lies,
a flame of sacrifice
stood like a point of surprise
in a still clear heaven.

And the rumble of tractors came
and the armored tread
quickstep down street on street
through the town to the port and the fleet,
a reverberating beat
that would wake the dead.

But the dead of hope, in the flare
of mines set afloat,
at black battle-stations there
stood starkly awake, and aware
of menace from land and air—
each ship and boat

from battlecraft to barge,
from great to small;
and the forced Castigneau Gate
spewed forth a gray-clad spate
urged by a murderer's hate
that dockward thundered straight
lest the blow fall.

At Milhaud Dock it fell,
with a slamming blast
like a great heart burst and riven—
the *Strasbourg* roared to heaven,
funnel and bridge and mast
and mighty guns upcast
in a glare like the mouth of Hell,
sundered—and shriven.
The *Dunkerque,* at Vauban,
(Dark name of wonder!)
as Nazi wolverines ran
to block what it began—
Drilled, punctual to plan,
unflinching—every man—
was blown asunder.

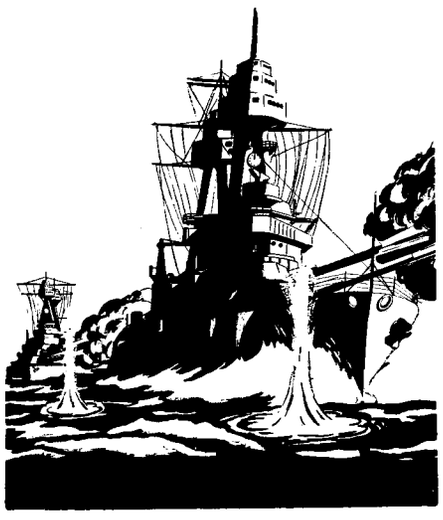
Then shock on earthquake shock
blasted the dying,
till the leaping hills rock,
as the flames in fury mock,
every harbor-work and dock
with flames replying.

Each coastal battery soars
with crews at station.
Vast ammunition stores
burst, with engulfing roars.
Smoke and oil smudge the shore's
reverberation.

They fired upon their own
that the end be certain.
Brother 'gainst brother set
Gunfire, like bayonet.
But no man died alone
past the fiery curtain.

Aye, the men of Toulon
(God's light upon her!)
thus in that awful dawn
died, their decks upon,
gave all they had to give
that the great Republic live,
that the sword of France be drawn
again with honor. . . .

The Maid appeared on the tide
in that great burning.
Bowed in bonds, crucified
in flames, writhing and turning.
But her sword flashed from her side,



Swung high, and swung wide;
Joan, with her mouth wried,
With her head upflung, wild eyed,
To her captive country cried
in terrible yearning.
So great a cry she cried,
a clarion, hoarse with pride,
on the red and roiling tide,
that the soul of France replied,
a vast deep shout returning!

For to infamy comes an end.
All bonds sever.
The sore heart tortured and torn
Cries, "Better to be unborn!"
The enslaved and betrayed
Cry, "Better to be unmade!"
Friend's eyes flash to friend
that God and Fate amend.
Word runs by sea and shore
that shame shall be no more—
in the red light of War,
in the white light of Forever. . . .

and a roar from shore to shore
with crashing and rending,
charred hull and shattered spar,
heavy steel hurled afar,
crews obliterate aboard,
blood and fire outpoured
in the last defending—
of defeat and wounded fame,
of the captor's cursèd aim,
of stain on a noble name,
of treachery's counterclaim,
of hated bondage and shame,
of all black ills that came—
in hurricane, earthquake, and flame,
declare an ending!

. . . Smoke is the harbor's pall,
billowing, rolling.
Stunned silence over all.
Wrecks in the roadstead lie.
Black are sea and sky . . .
When such men die,
forebear extolling!

Deep in the white of the sky,
in the blue, in the red of the sky,
there's a tocsin tolling!

For a filthy despot's lies
disperse and dissever,
but high beyond mortal eyes
where souls like swordblades rise
in flame the Tricolor flies. . . .

Through widening golden dawn,
in the awed spirit withdrawn,
Hark! 'tis the guns of Toulon
resounding forever!

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At the American Embassy

REPORT FROM TOKYO: A Message to the American People. By Joseph C. Grew. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1942. 88 *pp., preface and introductory note.* $1. (*in cloth* $1.50).

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

"A PRIMARY axiom in war," says Mr. Grew, "is to know your enemy." In "Report from Tokyo" he gives us the key to that knowledge. And he gives it to us just when we need sane, authoritative guidance in fighting Japanese aggression.

Here is no propaganda piece put out to whip up patriotic emotion. It is an exposé of the Japanese military machine inspired by "the surprise and shock I experienced on returning to the United States to find how little the American people as a whole appreciate the dangers we face in fighting this machine." It throws light without heat on a ruthless, cruel, cynical military power. It is a damning record of Japanese imperialism, the more so because from beginning to end it is written dispassionately and fairly. It is a gentleman's document through and through.

In painting a picture of our Pacific enemy, Mr. Grew not only draws on his decade of experience as our Ambassador to Japan; he sketches the history of Japanese-American relations; he outlines the development of Japanese imperialism through the centuries. It is a grim picture of a formidable foe and a tricky, dishonest, unscrupulous opponent. We wanted to be a good neighbor to Japan. We offered her the trade and financial coöperation for which her leaders professed to be fighting. All we asked of Japan was that she "abandon her militarist aggressions, cease being a bad neighbor in East Asia and enjoy with us the prosperity that we and they could have found in common."

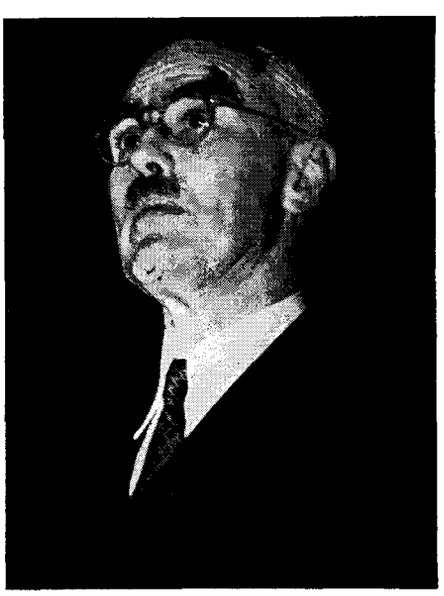
Mr. Grew himself never ceased to work with the Japanese for the abandonment of their plans of aggression. This reviewer saw him at his post in the critical summer of 1941. The Ambassador felt that the Japanese were a people with many sound qualities, that Japanese-American friendship was a heritage worth preserving. Right up to the attack on Pearl Harbor he hoped against hope that Japan could be turned from her ruinous course.

But the Japanese would be satisfied with nothing less than a "Co-prosperity sphere." Their co-prosperity was simply a slick euphemism for "slavery." They had to have slaves because "the economics of totalitarianism is wholesale robbery." And they attacked us because their vicious economic circle called for more room in which to enslave and steal.

In pushing their program of savage conquest and brutal exploitation the Japanese have been driven by a do-or-die fanaticism. "When they struck, they made no provision for failure; they left no road open for retreat." Their slogan is "Victory or death!" But Mr. Grew points out that the leaders of Japan are not "suicidally minded incompetents." Long-range perspective, intensive training, realistic administration and scientific planning characterize their program. In prosecuting the China war, for instance, the Japanese allocated to the China "incident" only forty per cent of the defense appropriation and one-fifth of the materials and weapons furnished the armed forces. The remaining sixty per cent of the appropriation and four-fifths of the materials and weapons were earmarked for the long planned super-war they are waging today.

We must fight such an enemy with "the exertion of our maximum capacities, individually and collectively." We must fight, realizing that the enemy will not crack even when eventual defeat stares them in the face. "They will reduce their rations from a bowl to a half bowl of rice, and fight to the bitter end." There are possibilities of revolt in Germany and Italy, but none in Japan. Nothing less than annihilation of their military machine will defeat the Japanese.

A far cry, this, from the indifference and complacency with which many Americans view the war in the Pacific. Too many cartoons portray the Japanese as monkey men. Too many magazine articles gloat over Japan's impending economic collapse and faulty gunnery. Too many lecturers dismiss the Japanese as a nation of imitators. To underestimate the fighting men of Nippon is to prolong the war "indefinitely and unnecessarily." Unpatriotically, too.



—New York Times Studio

Ambassador Grew: "The Japanese will reduce their rations to a half bowl of rice and fight to the bitter end."

As our envoy to Japan, Mr. Grew kept our government informed of the threat of war. He warned that Japan might strike "with dangerous and dramatic suddenness." But there is nothing of the I-told-you-so spirit in his book. In his timely, wise, and quiet pages there is no room for national hatreds or racial prejudices. Fanatical hot-heads who call for the extermination of the Japanese people can take no comfort from this primer of tolerance.

It is characteristic of Mr. Grew that he is accepting none of the proceeds from the sale of this volume. He is donating the money to the Red Cross for the aid of prisoners of war and interned civilians of the United States in the Far East.

Mr. Grew sub-titles his report "A Message to the American People." Millions of Americans should read it, especially the men in the armed services. It is a powerful weapon of war against the Japanese military machine. Readers should ponder his counsel on building the post-war future. Our allies everywhere should ponder it too. In this little book an American patriot has formulated a philosophy of victory for the United Nations.

The 1943 Victory Book Campaign will be officially launched on January 5, 1943, and will continue through to March 5. The campaign to obtain "millions of more and better books" for the men in the armed forces is sponsored by the American Library Association, the American Red Cross, and the U.S.O. It has been designated by the Army and Navy as the official collection agency for books for the fighting men.

The campaign will be directed this year by a National Board consisting of Franklin P. Adams, Edward L. Bernays, and Norman Cousins. No specific national quota has been announced, although it is hoped that the campaign will yield at least as many in 1943 as were collected during the present year—some eleven million books, of which more than half has already been distributed to camps and U.S.O. centers throughout the country.

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JAPAN

Tokyo's Professional Patriots

GOVERNMENT BY ASSASSINATION. By Hugh Byas. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 369 *pp., with index.* $3.

BEHIND THE FACE OF JAPAN. By Upton Close. New York: D. Appleton-Century. 1942. 427 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

PROBABLY no page in modern history matches in thrills the bizarre story of Japan's professional patriotism. It is a story of murder, military coups, incredible corruption, and still more incredible ignorance. It is, above all, an integral part of the story of how the army seized power in Japan and foisted upon a supposedly modern nation a medieval philosophy and government.

Only once before has this story been told. Back in 1933, O. Tanin and E. Yohan published in Moscow a book entitled, "The Military-Fascist Movement in Japan" (subsequently, I believe, translated and issued in this country by International Publishers). In a way it was an admirable handbook on Japan's ultra-nationalism, though it was hard sailing for the average reader.

Now the story has been told afresh, in a striking and convincing manner, by Hugh Byas, a keen Scot who for fourteen years served as Tokyo correspondent for the *New York Times* and became the recognized dean of the journalistic corps in Japan. His *dramatis personnae* are pseudo-philosophers, jingoist priests, murder-bent farm youths, and still more murderous officers. There are among them the eighty-seven-year-old Mitsuru Toyama, head of the Black Dragon Society; and Kosaburo Tachiburo Tachibana, the Tolstoyan whose moronic followers dabbled in assassinations. There are Lieut. Col. Saburo Kurusu, who killed his general for "associating with the corrupt Elder Statesmen" and whose glib-tongued lawyer converted the murder trial into an amazing attack on the government; and Dr. Minobe, the distinguished scholar who was hounded into oblivion because a decade earlier he had stated that the Emperor was an organ of the State. There is, finally, Emperor Hirohito himself—the meek, methodical, and dull man, whom the army, for its own ends, had converted into a deity.

Upon these men, and scores of others, Hugh Byas performs an excellent job of psychoanalysis, to discover what makes them—and Japan—tick. What he finds is not pretty. At best, he discovers, the motivation of Japanese ultra-nationalism is ignorance, an attempt to escape from modern, Western ideas back into the feudal era. At worst—and the worst is incredibly common—ultra-nationalism is a screen for ordinary blackmail, thievery, and gangsterism. The story of the God-Sent Troop, whose plot to overthrow the government was subsidized by a crooked promoter eager to make a "kill" on the stock exchange, has to be read to be believed. As Hugh Byas says: "Like many things in Japan, when rendered into English, it seems too crazy to be credible. It is crazy, it is incredible, and it happened."

One of Hugh Byas's objectives is to show how ultra-nationalism and its high priests and petty killers were taken over by the army, in its quest of power. The priests, he shows, were supplied with funds, and the killers with army weapons. But more than that, the mystical balderdash which formed the philosophy of the ultra-nationalists had also been borrowed by the army, and became Japan's official philosophy.

The book has many highlights. One of them is a remarkably penetrating study of the emperor as a man, myth, and symbol. Another is the study of the army mind and aims. Still another is a blueprint for the peace to come. Hugh Byas's suggestion is that any Japanese peace overtures be spurned, and she be completely crushed. Once that is done, he proposes to shear her of the territorial fruits of her aggression, disarm her, but leave the emperor at the top, in the hope that he can establish a moderate, stable, and peace-minded government. This, of course, is an oversimplification of Hugh Byas's plan; it is much more complex and well-heeled than these paragraphs suggest.

—*From "The New Order," by Arthur Szyk.*
Nordic Hero

Hugh Byas's is not the full portrait of Japan's ultra-nationalism. I, for one, missed such figures as Seigo Nakano, who once fancied himself the budding "Fuehrer" of Japan; Col. Kingoro Hashimoto, who plays a particularly sinister role in the patriotic movement; or Fusanosuke Kuhara, the munitions maker who apparently subsidized the famous military coup d'état of Feb. 26, 1936. I should have liked to have seen more on the part played in army politics by Gen. Jinzaburo Mazaki, who was kept under long detention for his role in the 1936 mutiny. But space limitations undoubtedly circumscribed Hugh Byas's story. What he has told, he has told superbly—with an eye to color, with amazing detail, and with second thought. There has been no better book to explain Japan's jingoist mind to us, and none can afford not to read it.

Upton Close's "Behind the Face of Japan" could have well been a companion volume to Hugh Byas's. It isn't. Originally published in 1934, it was always a readable, if not always a profound, compendium of knowledge on Japan's history, politics, national traits, aims, historical figures, and people then in public life. The book has now been re-issued by a different publisher, in what is described as a revised edition. The revision must have been hasty and careless. This alone can explain the monumental errors studding the new edition. To cite but one: "In the patriotic purge engineered by Hideki Tojo in 1939, which went into the record as a mutiny but received little punishment, Takahashi was assassinated." The mutiny occurred in 1936, not in 1939, and Tojo had nothing to do with it. At the time, he was a relatively unimportant army cog in Hsinking, Manchuria. It is a pity the revision could not have been made with greater care, for with a few major deletions and a few fresh personality sketches the volume *could* have been a useful handbook.

Send GOOD books to
the Victory Book Campaign,
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"Executioners of the Air"

BOMBS AWAY: The Story of a Bomber Team. By John Steinbeck. New York: The Viking Press. 1942. 185 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

WHEN the Army Air Force began building crews for our clouds of big bombers, the most persistent difficulty was that every boy wanted to be a pilot. The pilot was the glamor boy, and the public thought of the Air Force as "a group of lordly pilots with valets to service their planes." The rumor got around that a bombardier or a navigator was always a frustrated, washed out pilot, and when an officer suggested to a cadet that he be trained for a bombardier, the cadet's face fell almost to the floor.

Into this psychological breach stepped John Steinbeck with his talents, and when you have finished "Bombs Away" you will know that the nine men who operate a big bomber are a team—"an association of experts each dependent on the other." Indeed, as I read the chapters devoted to the various crew members, I concluded that the gunners, the bombardier, the navigator, the engineer, and the radio operator are the really important, glamorous figures and the pilots are only the "truck drivers."

Mr. Steinbeck, who handles words and paragraphs like a stone-cutter handles fine marble, must have been deeply affected by the clear-eyed, firm-handed young Americans of our Air Force during the weeks he spent with them. His book is a labor of love and duty, since all royalties and publishing profits are to go to the Air Forces Aid Society Trust Fund. He makes the building of an air force in a nation such as ours seem very simple. We need small, wiry, nerveless fellows to man our gun turrets, and we find them easily for they are the sons of the Texas Rangers and the men who rode the Pony Express. Our American tradition of bearing arms and our experience of building a nation with a warm gunsight are enabling us to bring our enemies to grief.

We need fellows to handle the delicate radio instruments on which the success of a mission depends, and we discover that the Radio Hams have provided us a ready pool of such ethereal adventurers. Similarly, for crew chiefs we have only to turn to those youthful mechanical wizards who have operated Model-T's with spit and bailing wire and have kept wheezing engines laboring long after they had earned a rest.

Mr. Steinbeck makes us remember that we are a nation with mechanical know-how; that if our sons are not born with steering wheels in hand they soon acquire them; and that our enemies have made the mistake of choosing weapons with which we are most proficient. If the energy to defeat Napoleon came from the playing fields of Eton, it seems likely that the genius to defeat Hitler will have come from the Model-T Ford.

It may surprise us to learn that "in training it has been found that boys from farms and from small towns, because of a familiarity with machines and because their individual judgments have oftener been exercised, are a little easier to train for the Air Force." In short, our best pilots are farmers, the most self-reliant segment of our population.

During his weeks with the boys of the Air Force, Mr. Steinbeck apparently found confirmation for some of the conclusions expressed in "The Moon Is Down." He says: "This isn't a war of flags and marching. It is a war of finding the target in the cross hairs of the bombsight and setting the release, and it isn't a war of speeches and frothy hatred. It is a technical job, a surgeon's job. There is only time for hatred among civilians. Hatred does not operate a bombsight." There are some who will decry his refusal to give emotion a proper place in this war, but, in my opinion, Mr. Steinbeck has all the better of the argument.

"Bombs Away" is illustrated with sixty photographs taken by John Swope, himself a flier. Royalties from the photographs have also been contributed to the Air Force Trust Fund.

—From the book

Aero-gunner carrying his own ammunition for his first aerial practice.

In its simplicity, restraint, and superb workmanship, I found "Bombs Away" as exciting as any Steinbeck novel. The characters are Al and Abner and Joe and Bill and other Americans who make up a bomber team. They are men who know what they are doing, and thus they "are the best fighting instruments in the world." They learn to handle a great soaring product of American genius called "Baby, Baby" and, with no trumpets blowing, go roaring off into the distance to make the world safe for the things dear to a free race of men.

SRL Intercollegiate Literary Survey

THIS is the second of a series of Intercollegiate Literary Surveys. The present poll lists the Christmas gift book preferences, in the order of total votes, of members of faculties and student bodies in fifty universities and colleges throughout the country.

The *Saturday Review* Intercollegiate Surveys are directed by Norman Tepper, of the University of North Carolina, with the assistance of a student group at that school.

CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOK PREFERENCES

STUDENTS	FACULTY MEMBERS
1. They Were Expendable.	1. War and Peace.
2. The Song of Bernadette.	2. The Song of Bernadette.
3. The Sun Is My Undoing.	3. This Is My Best.
4. History of Art.	4. Giants in the Earth.
5. This Is My Best.	5. Mission to Moscow.
6. Drivin' Woman.	6. Joseph in Egypt.
7. Berlin Diary.	7. Chaucer's Tales.
8. The Last Time I Saw Paris.	8. Van Loon's Lives.
9. Victory Through Air Power.	9. GBS.
10. Joseph in Egypt.	10. Tree of Liberty.
11. Giants in the Earth.	11. How Green Was My Valley.
12. War and Peace.	12. Dragon Seed.

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The A.P. Record of the War

FREE MEN ARE FIGHTING. Oliver Gramling. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1942. 488 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CECIL BROWN

REPORTERS are day-to-day historians. A reporter abroad, or war correspondent, lives and writes history. But reporters have no weighty opinions of themselves as historians. Their concern is to gather the details within their own bailiwicks, write that story with the greatest fairness, judgment, and skill possible, and then see that it is transmitted to the public.

In "Free Men Are Fighting," Oliver Gramling shows to a considerable extent how the Associated Press men in foreign countries have met their great responsibility. Mr. Gramling has gathered together in five hundred and twelve pages some of the most important dispatches of A.P. correspondents who have been reporting this war. Thus, "Free Men Are Fighting" becomes a concise, fast-paced, dramatic, and valuable history of the war from August 28, 1939 to July 4, 1942. It is exciting history written by two score men, fresh from the hushed tension of government offices—men scrambling with refugees on machine-gunned roads, men in quiet villages feeling the pulse of people headed for new and confused destinies, men on battlefields in deserts, jungles, and hills. These are stories written under pressure, dealing with awesome events, written by Associated Press correspondents who watched both miserable and heroic characters making history, who recorded the performance of both shameful and inspiring deeds. More important, these correspondents not only saw the deeds and heard the words, but made the American people privy to the machinations of men and depicted the shadow of coming events for them. That was not easy, and it is still not easy, for behind Mr. Gramling's artfully-arranged dispatches from A.P. men there is another story.

That is the story of how these A.P. men managed to get their stories, and, once the facts were secured, succeeded in transmitting that story. Mr. Gramling does not tell that behind-the-scenes story. But if he had, the courage, devotion to duty, and the rigid determination that the American people must be kept informed would make each of the dispatches in "Free Men Are Fighting" even more significant.

I know most of the A. P. men whose dispatches make up this book. Many of them I have seen in action—in embassies of neutral countries, fighting to tell the story from Axis countries, and dodging bombs and bullets in covering this war. Mr. Gramling gives their formal backgrounds, too—where born, where educated, where trained in reporting before joining the Associated Press staff. Those formal backgrounds are not of much interest to a colleague of the A.P. correspondents. Fellow correspondents of the A.P. men out on a story judge them by one yardstick, how well do they know this job.

The dispatches which make up Mr. Gramling's book are the best answer to that. These men who came from farms and cities all over the United States were plopped down into some foreign capital or dumped into the midst of a war zone and charged with the responsibility of reporting to the American people.

Most reporters believe the sector in which they operate is the most important in the world. That is as it should be. That conviction breeds energy and produces incisive, illuminating reporting. At the other end of the correspondents' efforts are the readers, and try as he may the correspondent seldom can convey to the reader the same urgency and importance that he feels is the right of the area in which he is stationed. In a sense, each correspondent is in competition with other correspondents all over the world for the attention of the reading public, and the readers have their problems, too. They find difficulty for many reasons in putting the tremendous daily output of history-in-the-making in juxtaposition. "Free Men Are Fighting" does that.

Drew Middleton, on August 28, 1939, writes from a small English village outside of London:

> "Aye," says one villager, "we may find peace by bargaining, but it won't last."

Oliver Gramling has gathered together a tribute to the war reporters.

In Berlin, Edwin Shanke talks with a widow of World War I. Now her daughter is to be a widow, too.

Louis Lochner from Berlin reports the Germans moving into Poland, and overnight, instantly, A.P. correspondents reported no more on diplomacy, demarches, and political manoevers. Now they wrote about mass murder, indescribable horrors, and the burgeoning fight between civilizations. The "agony of suspense" was over.

Mr. Gramling has picked the dispatches which trace the war, the outstanding campaigns, and the vivid personal experiences of A.P. correspondents all over the world. Most of the erroneous stories by A.P. men are weeded out because A.P. men make no more mistakes than other correspondents and mistakes have no part in this book. Mr. Gramling also deleted non-essential material, and he has connected the dispatches by linking material to maintain the fast-paced, running account. His word bridges are in staccato writing, and correctly so. The irony is sharp as he breaks off a tragic dispatch of murder on mass scale in the field to toss in a sentence of America jitterbugging or America producing a two-headed calf.

The contrast, to this correspondent, would have been more correct if, while Hitler sweeps across Europe and murders patriots in occupied countries, Mr. Gramling had inserted the curious utterances of Lindbergh, Coughlin, Wheeler, Fish, the America Firsters, the *Chicago Tribune,* and such. Two or three excerpts of debates in Congress also would have afforded a neat contrast between this world of reality and those who were ostriches or worse.

"Free Men Are Fighting" is a tribute to reporters. It is also first-class newspapering and packed with reportorial reasons why, when free men are fighting, victory cannot be denied.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 453)

F. P. A.:

THE CONSERVATIVE READER

"Let freedom ring," the moderns sing,
"Our verse is free and winging!"
It fails to fly, and rarely I
Detect the sound of singing.

I don't object to intellect;
(I love the ninth dimension),
But as a rule the modern school
Is past my comprehension.

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Behind the Fascist Facade

BALCONY EMPIRE. By Reynolds and Eleanor Packard. New York: Oxford University Press. 1942. 380 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by COUNT CARLO SFORZA

MANY, too many, are the books written by newspapermen on Italy at war. Probably, one of the most readable is "Balcony Empire," because it is smiling, unpretentious, simple. What a relief for an Italian at least, not to hear of "underground conspiracies"—about which, luckily, foreign reporters have no information in the least—and not to hear of "Vatican secret diplomacy" seen through magnifying glasses worn by foreigners who do not realize how deep is the gulf existing in Italy between religion and political clericalism.

Even in "Balcony Empire" numerous are the statements and judgments to which I am not ready to subscribe. But how could it be otherwise? We are still in the nationalistic era which began with the French Revolution; the strangest phenomenon of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is the fact that the nineteenth has been the century of the railways and the twentieth the century of aviation and that in spite of that the reciprocal knowledge of countries and peoples has been infinitely more superficial than in the past world which our distant ancestors called "the Christian."

Most of the readers of "Balcony Empire" will do with it what the Arabs do with their books: they'll begin from the last page. History goes so quickly now that we have no time to read the first chapters about the ephemeral conquest of Ethiopia, about the stupid conquest of Albania, about the shameful trick o fthe "non-intervention" fascist war in Spain, and even about the entry of Mussolini into France.

What matters now—now that the United Nations have partly succeeded in the wisest of the moves, the occupation of North Africa—is the psychology of the Italian people. What matters today is to know what they think in Italy of the American and British armies, now that American and British guns "stand within gunshot of the Italian shore," as Secretary Berle said in a memorable speech he delivered in New York on November 14 to an impressive gathering of Free Italians.

When Mussolini declared war on the United States, the authors of "Balcony Empire" were interned in Siena —one of the most perfect jewels of the Italian fourteenth century—and . . . Here is a short description:

> What impressed us the most about our stay in Siena was the friendliness of the Italian people to us whenever we had the few contacts ever permitted. The clerks in stores were extremely friendly and were always giving us more than we were entitled to under rationing laws. Reynolds had to cease going to one of the cinemas because the ticket seller there insisted on giving him a free pass,
>
> "My fiancé is in America," she said, "and I won't let any American pay money to see these old pictures."
>
> It seemed to all of us that wherever we went, we were given preferred treatment, whether in barbershops, at bars, tearooms, millinery shops, or grocery stores, just as in the old days of peace.

Small, fresh snapshots of this kind are numerous in this book: and all convey the same friendly, honest, human impression.

These books—and a few others—prove how right was Secretary Berle when, in the speech I have referred to, he reaffirmed as follows the main aim of the United States towards Italy: "Final destruction of the nazi and fascist tyranny which has oppressed Italy." And I was not wrong when I declared, answering Secretary Berle, that by giving today to every Italian the certainty that by overthrowing fascism he will help Italy in the war rather than damage her, the United States creates the moral climate that will permit the Italians to repeat the miracles of the Risorgimento.

Italy, throughout her long centuries of history, has shown to the world downfalls that looked final and resurrections that proved her indestructible vitality. By describing the true feelings of almost all the Italians they came in contact with, Reynolds and Eleanor Packard have shown that this vitality still potentially exists, behind the artificial fascist screen.

"Reportage" on a Vast Scale

FREELY TO PASS. By Edward W. Beattie, Jr. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1942. 372 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EMIL LENGYEL

THE passport of Edward W. Beattie, Jr., contained the traditional introductory words of the Secretary of State of the United States, requesting all whom it may concern to permit him "freely to pass." As a correspondent of the United Press he passed a very large number of frontiers, freely at first. When war came he crossed an even larger number of frontiers, but not always with the same freedom.

Mr. Beattie witnessed most of the major events of the war. He was in Poland when the Blitz began, and then he visited the Balkans, moved on to France, made a call in Finland, observed the Scandinavian countries, wound up in England. He saw most of the Battle of Britain and once he was so close to action on the English shore that he attempted to save his life by crawling under his steel helmet.

The Nazis never attempted actually to invade Britain, Mr. Beattie believes. They had lost against the R.A.F., which had knocked them out of the English air and pulverized their potential invasion ports. The stolid Englishman once more demonstrated his tenacious fighting qualities in his unspectacular way. The true greatness of England was revealed, the author tells us, in the months when she stood all alone in the world, with no thought of yielding an inch to the foe.

Like most American correspondents overseas, Mr. Beattie knew that this was not merely the war of England. It was with a very full heart that he saw the first American soldiers land on the soil of Northern Ireland.

As Mr. Beattie storms across the world—a journalistic Blitz—he reports about men and women at war with deep insight. His eyes are keen, his pen is sharp, his heart in the right place. He retains his sense of humor even in the midst of the wreckage of the world, and a most ingratiating humor it is. Occasionally, he reports about the bars and drinks he encounters on his meteoric way. He does it so naturally and with so much grace that the reader enjoys these trivialities. Mr. Beattie is too honest a reporter to assume an Olympian pose. It is in harmony with his whole being that the tone of this book is exhilaratingly chatty.

In the very first sentence of his book Mr. Beattie writes that this is not a "think piece." Since he is best when describing action, it is probably to the good that he seldom strays from straight reporting. Yet, it may be a pity that this book is not more interpretative. The picture of recent events has become well fixed in the readers' minds and they like to have their authors suggest ideologies. The brilliant books of reporting and interpreting to which American correspondents have treated us recently have spoiled the tastes of many of us for straight reporting. Just the same, Mr. Beattie's book is "reportage" on an impressive scale and it deserves to be very widely read.

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The Phenomenon of Gandhi

WHAT DOES GANDHI WANT? By T. A. Raman. New York: Oxford University Press. 1942. 113 *pp., and index.* $1.25.

Reviewed by LOUIS FISCHER

BERNARD SHAW said: "Why, that's not a man, that's a phenomenon." He was speaking of Mahatma Gandhi. John Gunther, in "Inside Asia," described Gandhi as "an incredible combination of Jesus Christ, Tammany Hall, and your grandfather." He is certainly an incredible combination of saint, shrewd political leader, and human being.

T. A. Raman, an Indian journalist, has chosen one side of Gandhi and tried to reveal it by stringing white pearls from Gandhi on a black thread. This is the "Jesus" side of Gandhi, the "give unto Caeser that which is Caeser's," and the "turn the other cheek" side of the Mahatma. The little book consists almost entirely of quotes from Gandhi on peace, non-violence, and non-resistance. The Christ that is in this strange Hindu man is only a part of him, however. Gandhi wants more than that. He wants freedom from England, he asks national self-assertion for India, he wants a new order for his country and the world. All that is not in this volume. One finds here none of the typical Gandhi-esque denunciations of British rule, none of his hopes for a better life, or scorn for the corruption of Western man.

As a matter of fact, the Christ in Gandhi is in constant conflict with the nationalist leader in him, and the leader often wins. Gandhi, the non-resister, has been resisting the British for several decades. He is trying to break up the British Empire which he regards as an anachronism. Another revolutionary might have attempted it with violence and mutinies. In a disarmed India, Gandhi attempts it with more effective technique: non-violence.

What Gandhi wants is very simple; America wanted it in 1776: liberty for his native land, an end of foreign domination. No Indian I met in India this summer believes that England will voluntarily leave India, and when Churchill says: "I have not become the King's First Minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British empire," their pessimism is confirmed. They become desperate. Gandhi said to me as I sat with him on the earthen floor of his little mud hut: "Your President talks of the Four Freedoms. Does that include the freedom to be free!" Answer that one. If, as Churchill said in the same speech, the French empire is to remain, and the British empire is to remain, then the old world of 1939 is to live again after this war is over, and in that old world this war was born. Is that what the war is for, Gandhi wonders.

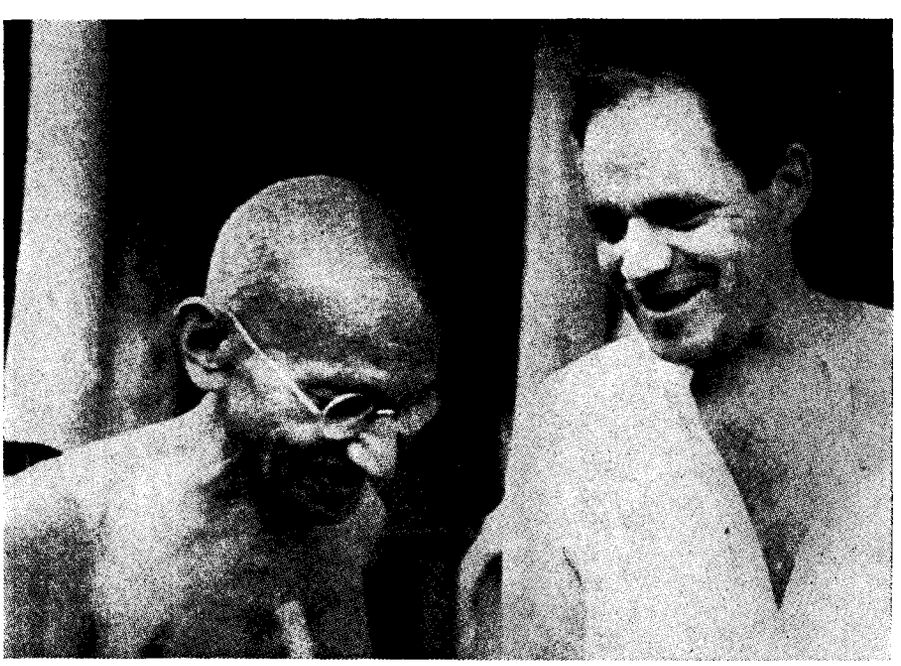
The Indians are ready to fight for a new world in which they will be free. It will be a new world because they and the Chinese and other colored races will be recognized as equals. I have many quotations from Gandhi on his readiness to coöperate with the United Nations in this war. He told me that an Indian national government, consisting of Princes, Hindus, and Moslems, would sign a treaty of alliance with Britain and the United Nations to help win the war.

Gandhi knows that his best friends believe in war. He collaborates with them. He has designated Nehru as his successor. But Nehru is a militant anti-fascist. He is ready to enlist with the United Nations. He told mass meeting in Bombay which I attended: "I would fight Japan sword in hand. But I can only do so as a free man."

The issue in India is not whether India is ready to assist us towards victory. India is anti-Axis. As Mr. Raman points out, Gandhi is anti-Axis. But Gandhi wants the United Nations to prove they are fighting for freedom by giving India freedom. Gandhi does not ask complete freedom now. He does not ask complete independence during the war. He is not asking England to quit India until the fighting is over. Gandhi has said these things time and again. But he does insist that the British immediately make a first installment on India's ultimate liberation from imperialist domination.

I should have liked to see all these views and facets of that remarkable phenomenon called Gandhi revealed in this book. Gandhi emerged from Raman's hands a strange person, a two-dimensional person. But as I listened to Gandhi last summer I almost decided that he had four dimensions. I tried hard to understand them all. That attempt was for me an overwhelming experience. History will put Gandhi among the very great men of our age, a Jesus among the generals, a wise man of the East among the illiterate statesmen of the West. Raman and his British associates do not fully realize this. They say, Gandhi is not helping us win the war. Gandhi replies, Are you pure enough to win the peace? Wars are fought to win the peace. Many wars have been lost after they were won. Gandhi is a warning to the world against losing the peace, against losing the war while we are winning it. Gandhi says, The West won one war for democracy, yet twenty-five years later India is neither democratic nor free. What will happen to India after this war? Will India and Asia continue to carry the burden of the white man? Will Churchill's imperialism remain in the saddle, or will there be a new England? Gandhi really wants a new England and a new America and a new world. Such a new world could not possibly keep India in bondage.

Jan Christian Smuts has said: "To assert that Gandhi is a fifth columnist is a solemn absurdity. He is one of the very great men of the earth." Raman does not paint the picture of a very great man.



—From "A Week with Gandhi."

Mohandas Gandhi chats with Louis Fischer on the latter's visit to India several weeks ago.

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THE WAR AND JANE AUSTEN

SOMEONE once described the novel as a literary form resembling the amoeba, which can squeeze itself out in any direction without bursting. That is not quite true. Under pressure (both external and internal) to help save the country, novelists in this wartime are stuffing themselves with facts and ideas and producing some of the most useful propaganda ever written. No writing (except "Mein Kampf") has had such a powerful effect upon the imagination, has done so much to raise opinion to those heights of emotion where it begins to be powerful and to act, as the novels-with-a-message written by Americans and by British, as well as by refugees from Germany especially, in the last half dozen years.

This is splendid—and more power to their typewriters. But in our desire to swing every energy into the winning of the war, let us not get our values confused. The novel can be instructive, discriminating, satiric, symbolic, even epical—although when it does become epical, as in "Moby Dick" and "War and Peace," it is questionable whether it is not just that—a prose epic—and not really a novel at all. Nevertheless, the novel, and particularly the English novel, is at its purest a story of manners, the word being used in its broadest and deepest senses. And it is noteworthy that what are probably the two most impressive recent novels sprung directly from the world conflict—Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls" and Anna Segher's "The Seventh Cross"—are not really war novels, or thesis novels at all, but narratives of varied human nature under the stress of danger and high emotion. War, actual combat, sudden death, paralyzing fright, spasms of rage are, apparently, not good material for the novelist, who is most effective when he deals with familiar people and familiar emotions high-lighted by circumstance but not distorted. The great scenes from war novels of the past which have lasted, would seem to bear that out—Waterloo as Stendhal saw it, Stephen Crane's vignette of our Civil War, even Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front."

The greatest novels (in English at least) written in wartime are unquestionably Jane Austen's. In these ironic narratives of a tiny county circle, where good sense or its lack, good character or its lack, supply incident enough to carry on the story of unimportant people who are yet so unforgettable, the war, if we remember correctly, is never mentioned except in the last. And then it enters the narrative only with the appearance on the English scene of naval officers enriched by the sale of French prizes and become good *partis* for English daughters seeking both love and financial security, a combination hard to find.

YET that Napoleonic period of wide upset and constant conflict is the nearest parallel we have in modern history to the world of 1914 to 1942. Were these memorable stories, which even Walter Scott felt to be finer work than his own, the effort of a woman's imagination to escape from the tumult and the shouting that surrounded England, the tension, the doubt, the conflicting ideologies that filled even the island fortress? Not at all. It would be more true to say that Jane's stories are absolutely conditioned by the threats to the security of that marvelously integrated country life of England. In the lurid light coming from overseas, the character of the Englishman, the temperament of the English woman, took on a heightened importance. The English countryside which they had built seemed fairer, more desirable than ever before. The country life of parson, squire, and privileged neighborhood acquired an importance which it did not possess, because of its happy contrasts with confusion, loss, and breakdown abroad. In this provincial Utopia, bad temper, pomposity, servility, sentimentality, snobbishness, and greed were seen as especial dangers because they were the cracks which might topple down the magnificent stability of a society which had lost a new world in the West, won a new world in the East, and was standing fast when all of Europe fell. Did Jane feel all this? Perhaps, probably, not. But her imagination was lit by the heightening of human values which resulted, and she wrote of a familiar, provincial society as if it were important enough to illustrate human nature in any light. And since she wrote with confidence, it was.

This editorial is not a plea for novels of manners in wartime, though if they come, they will be welcome. It is a study in values, an attempt to show that the artist will find his own way to respond to the stimulus of great events. And if that artist happens to be a writer of novels, and if blood, sweat, and tears, do not seem to be his thesis, he need not despair of usefulness in a time of crisis. The behavior of men and women in such a time is as significant as their opinions, and only the novelist (or dramatist) without too much "message" to get over, is likely to portray and interpret this behavior truly. Nor can the effect of great art (even if seemingly irrelevant to the headlines) ever be calculated in advance. One of those reservoirs of good will of which Mr. Willkie spoke recently is good will for England and the character and temperament moulded there through the centuries. Thank Jane Austen as much as anyone for that.

It takes good journalists to make and handle good propaganda. But the best propaganda, the pervasive, lasting propaganda that changes antagonism to understanding, and creates types of emotional thinking, is the product of high, and usually independent, imagination. One hopes that those who are pressing writers and artists generally to enlist their talents in the war will remember this, and not hand out too many "party lines," give too specific assignments, ask for too much conformity to the blueprint of the moment. What the best writers need is not to be told, but stirred. Great novels—and great propaganda—cannot be ordered by government specification. There are plenty of lesser folk to do what is ordered.

H. S. C.

Death of a Friend

By Witter Bynner

I HAD not known, in friendly life attached,
That death cleaves suddenly yet leaves two legs
That both still bear their weight, two legs still matched
And walking still among the sticky dregs.

I had not known that body was so much,
That so bereaved it still would walk and thrive:
I had not known that, with no sense of touch,
An individual could stay alive.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Allen Tate to H. M. Jones

SIR:—I am not in the habit of replying to reviewers; but since, as Mr. Howard Mumford Jones points out, "American Harvest" has a somewhat official character, perhaps you will allow me the space to comment on his review.

"This is Ivory Tower literature," says Mr. Jones, placing the anthology in the new fashionable, and fashionably detested, "coterie" literature. At the end he says: "But perhaps the editors do not mean by 'a literature' what educated people have actually read, perhaps they mean only to include that which as critics they think that people ought to read." Mr. Jones is right; for otherwise anthologies are superfluous, unless their purpose is to make publishers (and anthologists) rich by collecting in capsule form what the public has already read or, under high-pressure publicity, has been brow-beaten into thinking that it ought to read. We—Mr. Bishop and I—therefore plead guilty to Mr. Jones's charge: we included what we thought that people ought to read. There is no other excuse for an anthology.

Plays and non-fictional prose other than literary criticism were for official reasons, excluded; so it cannot be charged that we practised discrimination against Mr. Paul Green and Mr. Walter Lippman, both of whom I respect. As for the other omissions for which Mr. Jones takes us to task, we again plead guilty—with a purpose. Mr. Bishop and I were not using the best-seller lists (though many of our contributors are best-sellers), nor were we consulting the Nobel Prize Committee, which is probably no worse than any other committee, for standards of judgment in making our selections. We used our own judgment, and I fail to see what other judgment Mr. Jones could have expected us to use; unless he wanted us to use his judgment, or nobody's judgment at all.

We were as exercised over the representation of our literature in South America as Mr. Jones seems to be; but our conclusions were different. When Henry James was a "coterie" writer, Jack London represented American literature abroad; so, proceeding upon something like that analogy, we decided that we might create the suspicion below the Line that we are a civilized people if we gently indicated that Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Lewis are not esteemed as great writers by everybody above it; and we felt that the example would not do any harm at home. We had strong evidence to support our belief that South Americans, not less than we as editors or than many Americans outside the New York literary-publishing rackets, were tired of the vast outpouring of the American noise, in which the merely shouted intention usurps the solid accomplishment. Mr. Jones misses excerpts from Mr. Benét's "John Brown's Body," a "big" work, no doubt, in intention; yet he sees in Hart Crane only "polished littleness"—a prejudice that ought to prove to most persons that although Mr. Jones writes fluently, he might profitably take the time to read.

Since we assumed that our South American neighbors deserved the best that we could give them, we could not give less than the best (as we saw the best) to our fellow-countrymen. Mr. Jones wants us to give them less than the best by giving them more. The new coterie against "coterie literature" is ably represented by Mr. Jones. It evidently believes that because we cannot boast a Tolstoy, we must boast about the second-rate, because the second-rate is often as big as Tolstoy without being as good. I should be less than candid if I did not say flatly that this view is the merest demagoguery, and an abdication of the critical function.

ALLEN TATE.

Monteagle, Tennessee.

"Roses are red
Violets are blue
The Draft-Board just got me
So phooey to you!"

Young People's Books

SIR:—The feature, "Guide to Books for Young People," in your November 14 issue, should tap a really great need. Bookstores and adults who are trying to find books for youngsters need guidance pathetically. I am sending this feature to my sister in Columbus, Ohio, who has three little children of her own and is virtually surrounded by neighbors' children because she is always looking for books and games and stimulating their interests. I know she is going to appreciate seeing this.

RUTHERFORD PLATT.

New York.

Churchill and Donne

SIR:—In John Donne's poem, "The First Anniversary (An Anatomie of the World)" the following lines appear:

> . . . when thou knowst this,
> Thou knowst how drie a Cinder this world is.
> And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
> That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie
> It with thy teares, or sweat, or blood . . .
>
> (11. 427-431)

Has this been suggested as a possible source for Winston Churchill's memorable phrase? I have seen no mention of it. Perhaps the Prime Minister's association with the poem was an old and faint one, and he unconsciously reworked the words into a better order.

KATHERINE SOMMERLATTE.

New Haven, Conn.

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TRADE Winds

HAD "THIS IS THE ENEMY," by Frederick Oechsner and four of his associates from the United Press Bureau in Berlin, been published a year sooner, it would have rivalled Shirer's Diary in popularity. Now the law of diminishing returns has begun to affect books on inside Germany, and the Oechsner opus will find the going tougher. That's a great pity, because it's one of the best and most revealing books that has come out of this war, and it's chockfull of so much new material that it richly rates your time, no matter how many other books about the Nazis you have digested beforehand.

I first met Fred Oechsner in Berlin in the Spring of 1936, when I flew from London to visit the bewitching and exasperating Martha Dodd, the daughter of our Ambassador. I think that more Americans came to Berlin to see Martha that summer than to take in the Olympic games. There was a party at the Embassy the evening that I arrived, and among the motley assemblage of poops and stuffed shirts that cluttered up the premises, Oechsner stood out like a sore thumb. A few evenings later, Martha and I visited his apartment for dinner, a game of darts, and a little respite from the ominous and oppressive atmosphere of the rest of Berlin. Even then, he was collecting notes for the volume that has just been completed. He studied the Nazi bigshots the way that a zoölogist studies rats under a microscope. The reason his book is so good is that he knows his subject better than anybody else in America.

One of the most interesting chapters in "This Is the Enemy" is devoted to Hitler's reading habits. His library contains over 16,000 books, of which about half pertain to military affairs. The balance is divided between works on architecture, the theatre, art, astrology, spiritualism, nutrition, and diet. The art section includes works on surrealism and Dada-ism, although Hitler pooh-poohs them. One of the books that he prizes most highly is a study of hands. There are men in high places in Nazidom who owe their success to the fact that Hitler approved of their hands! Less than 1,000 of Hitler's books are fiction, and what there is, says Oechsner, is "pure trash in anybody's language." His taste runs to the pulpiest kind of detective stories and fifth-rate romances. Goering presented him with a complete set of phony American Indian stories by a German named Karl May, who never set foot outside the borders of the Reich. This whole section of the Hitler library is jacketed in plain brown wrappers, like the sex books offered to yokels here by mail order sharpers. Oechsner says that one or two of Karl May's masterpieces usually were prominent on the Fuehrer's bedside table . . .

HITLER HIMSELF probably had a hand in drawing up the official list of authors whose works are prohibited reading in Prisoner of War Camps in Germany. The German authorities, according to the *London Bookseller,* state "that all books written by Jews or 'emigrants' will be confiscated, and that therefore the following authors' works are completely banned:

> André Maurois, E. Phillips Oppenheim, E. Disraeli, Louis Bromfield, A. Conan Doyle, Siegfried Sassoon, Louis Golding, Vicki Baum, Susan Ertz, Naomi Jacob, Stefan Zweig, Thomas Mann, Heinrich Mann, Rosamund Lehmann, Theodore Dreiser, Georgette Heyer, Sydney Horler, Francis Beeding, Frank Swinnerton, Gilbert Frankau, G. Siencievicz, Sinclair Lewis, H. G. Wells, P. Guedalla, Duff Cooper, L. Hogben, and the Baroness Orczy.

The *Bookseller* suspects that "it may surprise some of the authors named above to learn that they are either Jews or 'emigrants'." . . .

BILL WEBER, of Scribner's, disguises himself once a week as "Judge Lynch," and writes the Criminal Record, one of the most satisfying features of the *SRL.* Accustomed to reading significance into the tiniest clue, Bill tracked our "revolving encyclopaedia" yarn of a few columns ago all the way back to 1898. We countered with the dictum "any story is new if you haven't heard it before." Anyhow, the boss (Norman Cousins) told it to us. "Well," said Bill, "here's one that's so old that even Cousins hasn't heard it!" Two cockney lads were walking through a dense forest, when a blood-curdling shriek rang out. "'Lor'" gasped one Cockney. "What was that?" "That was just a owl, you hidiot!" chided his pal. "Of course it was a 'owl," said the first one. "But what I wants to know, is 'oo 'owled!" . . . Mary Roberts Rinehart received a poem from her son Stanley to commemorate Mother's Day. It was headed "To Mother, on the occasion of her fifty-seventh murder." . . .

FOR MORE YEARS than he cares to remember, Burns Mantle, the amiable dramatic critic of Cap'n. Patterson's *Daily News,* has been compiling an annual anthology of the year's best plays. His task this year would have undone a man made of weaker fibre. The Drama Critics' Circle and the Pulitzer Prize Committee couldn't find *one* play of the period worthy of an award; Burns had to select *eight.* He finally succeeded, although three of his selections played a total of one hundred and one performances among them. The heartless *New Yorker* labels the book "a neat illustration of the American mania for the preservation of worthless objects." Unfortunately for Mr. Mantle, the early season crop of dramas is even worse this year than

"He said he didn't love me because he was in love with all humanity—just like William Saroyan."

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last; Burns may yet look back on his 1942 struggle as the Good Old Days . . .

HELEN HOKE, Julian Messner's juvenile editor, is herself the author of "Major and the Kitten." She was delighted to see the entire window of a midtown shop filled with copies of the book one day last week, and dropped in to thank the management. "I'm delighted to see how enthusiastic you are about 'Major'," she said to a clerk. "Enthusiastic, my eye," was the reply. "We sure overbought that little number, and now we're trying everything we can think of to lighten the load." At this point, Miss Hoke dropped the subject . . . Tom Sugrue, whose "There Is a River" is on the Holt advance list, concludes a letter to his publishers "Yours for a second front, a third strike, a fourth dimension, a fifth freedom, a sixth sense, a seventh heaven, an eighth wonder of the world (peace), a ninth printing, and ten per cent of all our incomes for war bonds" . . . Elliot Paul and Luis Quintanilla now propose to collaborate on a book satirizing the ordinary man's exposure to opera and orchestral music. The title: "Worse Than Death in the Afternoon." . . .

ONE OF THE REASONS that the photographs in John Steinbeck's new book, "Bombs Away," are so good is that they were made by John Swope, one of the great young photographers of this country. John is quite a lad. He's the son of Gerard Swope, of General Electric, and was educated by Horace Mann, Harvard University, and Simone Simon. In 1932, he spent the winter in Baltimore with the University Players, a group that included some promising youngsters named Margaret Sullavan, Henry Fonda, and Jimmy Stewart. Swope's "Camera over Hollywood" has become a choice collector's item in the movie colony. With Leland Hayward, he conceived the idea of the Thunderbird Air School in Arizona, where English and Chinese cadets are learning how to be bombardiers. Twentieth Century Fox recently released a picture that purported to be a story of this enterprise. At any rate, it included a commentary by John Gunther, scenic effects by Gene Tierney, and sighs of rapture by Julian Street, Jr. . . .

THE TWO TOP FLOORS of the Brentano Building have been converted into an office for Raymond Loewy, the famous industrial designer who numbers among his achievements the Pennsylvania Railroad's new giant locomotives and the equipment for its crack train, the Broadway Limited. His offices are the most beautiful we have seen in many a day—dazzling and utilitarian. On our way downstairs we ran plop into the arms of Brentano's juvenile buyer, Helen Heiden, who either was Miss America a few years ago or could have been. It was too much for us to bear in a single day. We deserted work entirely, and came home to plan a way to spend the ten thousand dollars we expect to win in the *New York Post's* new puzzle contest . . . In case you are wondering what a publisher would be doing in Mr. Loewy's preserves, it was a joint birthday celebration for him and Paul Hollister, erstwhile advertising manager of Macy's, and now a vice-president of C.B.S. Hollister's bride, incidentally, is the former Carol Erwin, who, as a babe, learned to read nestled in our arms. Later she became the star customer of the Centaur Bookshop in Philadelphia and drank several of America's greatest book salesmen under the table. She's something incredibly important at Young and Rubicam these days . . .

MR. R. J. BUCHOLZ vouches for the fact that one day when he was inspecting the Congressional Library in Washington, he heard a Westerner in a broad-brimmed sombrero, call to his wife, "Hey, Jennie, come over here and look at the Gettysburg Bible!" . . .

WHEN MRS. EINSTEIN visited the Mt. Wilson Observatory in California, she was shown the gigantic telescope with all its elaborate equipment and devices. After duly admiring it she asked: "What is it used for?" They told her that one of the chief uses was to find out the shape of the universe. "Oh," said Mrs. Einstein, "my husband does that on the back of an old envelope!" . . . Thomas Craven, author of "Men of Art," has a young son who was asked by his history teacher to name the principal contribution of the Phoenicians. The youngster's answer, given without hesitation, was "Blinds!"

BENNETT CERF.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

THE POETS ON INSECTS

Miss Amy H. Dowe, of Germantown, contributes this week's quiz on poetry about insects. Can you match up the lines that are quoted below with the poet who wrote them? Six correct is par; nine or better is excellent. Answers: page 46.

1. How doth the little busy bee
   Improve each shining hour? ( ) Cowper
2. I knew a black beetle, who lived down a drain,
   And friendly he was though his manners were plain;
   When I took a bath he would come up the pipe,
   And together we'd wash and together we'd wipe. ( ) Crane
3. I do not want to be a fly! I want to be a worm! ( ) Dickinson
4. A noiseless patient spider. . . .
   It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,
   Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them. ( ) Emerson
5. "Will you walk into my parlour?" said a spider to a fly. ( ) Gilman
6. Green little vaulter in the summer grass,
   Catching your heart up at the feel of June. . . . ( ) Guiterman
7. From the stove there shrills
   The cricket's song in warmth increasing ever,
   And seems to one in drowsiness half lost
   The Grasshopper's among the grassy hills. ( ) Hoffenstein
8. So, naturalists observe, a flea
   Hath smaller fleas that on him pray;
   And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
   And so proceed *ad infinitum.* ( ) Howitt
9. The pedigree of honey does not concern the bee;
   A clover, any time, to him is aristocracy. ( ) Hunt
10. Burly, dozing humble bee,
    Where thou art is clime for me. ( ) Keats
11. Sweet is every sound. . . .
    The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
    And murmuring of innumerable bees. ( ) Morley
12. I sat down on a bumble bee, but I arose again;
    And now I know the tenseness of humiliating pain. ( ) Swift
13. The ant, he lays aside some dough
    Against the time of cold and snow. . . . ( ) Tennyson
14. Little inmate, full of mirth,
    Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
    Wheresoe'er be thine abode
    Always harbinger of good. ( ) Watts
15. While honey lies in every flower, no doubt,
    It takes a bee to get the honey out. ( ) Whitman

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Justice for British Humor

A TREASURY OF BRITISH HUMOR. Edited by Morris Bishop. New York: Coward-McCann. 1942. 820 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

THERE is a legend, which has tenacious roots in the American soil that humor, unlike humus, is not to be found on British soil. My first appearance on this wonderful continent, some two decades ago, made me instantly aware that the legend concerning the English, bred in a Dickens-smoky land, and nurtured to the smell of fogs, was very positive in this matter of humor. "Despite the fact that he is an Englishman," said all my lecture agent's clippings, "Mr. Roberts has a vivid sense of humor." Despite! And now here comes Mr. Bishop to do us some justice at last. He is very cautious, however, and makes no real attempt to define the quality of English humor. He believes it is a universal quality. "A good joke rises above space and time into the infinite."

No one can quarrel with that definition. But he does point out, in a humorous analysis of humor, that there is a certain line to be drawn, not from the nature, but from the viewpoint of British and American humor. It is our old friend class-distinction again, assisted by the American Revolution. "The anti-aristocratism of the people began to express itself in mockery of the well-dressed and the well-educated, and this anti-aristocratism became the characteristic attitude of American humor." How true. Even I can remember that an Englishman wearing spats as he walked past the brownstone houses of Fifth Avenue provoked the visible humor of New Yorkers.

For our part, as Mr. Bishop pertinently reports, English humor follows, or rather, did follow, the humor of *Punch,* which laughed at profiteers, artists, charwomen, parishioners, and everyone who dropped his aitches. How tired one became of the *nouveau riche* in hunting clothes, who always failed to take the fence, and from the mud made a stupid remark. The last war changed all that. The present war has put the last nail in the cellophane coffin of the superior person. We make jokes about him in all the visible indecency of death. We have crucified Colonel Blimp, and strangled his offspring with the Old School Tie. The present generation of Englishmen not only teach their grandmothers to suck addled eggs but throw them at their grandfathers.

In other words, the slapstick of the American comic strip, and the joyous moronity of Mickey Rooney have invaded the English scene; we are all, English and American, reduced to a common denominator of Donald Duck. I find *Mr. Punch,* regarding him from the vitality of this continent, suffering from weeping sickness; the pale curate and the bibulous charwoman belong to the age of the antimacassar. But *Punch* has long misrepresented us, with its delicate social airs, its colonels on the golf courses, its bishops balancing tea-cups. It bears as much resemblance to British life as the *New Yorker* does to American life. Their derisive quality springs from a quiet sense of unchallengeable superiority. The content of their humor rises with the income-tax scale.

Nevertheless, there is a certain mystery about British humor, and Mr. Bishop, a lively commentator with a prodigious curiosity, is himself baffled. In ransacking English literature from Chaucer to Evelyn Waugh he admits that our great novelists are so elusive that their humorous passages cannot be made to do a vaudeville turn within the pages of his book. Their appearance, when it is somewhat forced by reason of their eminence, shows them to great disadvantage amid their minor contemporaries. The word humor itself is sometimes used in the manner that mathematicians use the letter x. It can be equal to any occasion.

Mr. Bishop's selection is broad, and, in length of time, comprehensive. There are two regrettable omissions, two preeminent humorists of the present generation, Maugham and Nicholson. In the realm of sardonic humor that figure of the captain reading the burial service in "Ah King" is immortal, as also Arkell, the Curzonian butler, in Nicholson's lines written in acid for the denigration of a politician. I can only believe it is copyright and not incomprehension that accounts for Mr. Bishop's failure to net these luminous examples. He rightly points out, at the head of his example of Chaucer, that the old poet knew every trick of the humorist, and wonders why others did not learn from him. "Why wasn't fourteenth-century England a nest of mocking birds?"

Our present age has seen the birth of one undoubted masterpiece of English humor, Eric Knight's "The Flying Yorkshireman," which should not have been abbreviated, for in the eight-hundred pages of this entertaining book there are half a dozen authors who have little right to be present. But it is part of the fun of anthology to show the compiler how much better the reader would have done the job. I doubt if this volume will kill the American *ideé fixe* about my non-humorous

Morris Bishop finds that American humor has invaded the English scene.

countrymen; there are some legends we cannot spare for our own edification, and an alleged deficiency in others is an assurance of sufficiency in ourselves. Few of us are willing to believe that the other fellow can see the funny side of himself. Mr. Bishop renders a service to the cause of Anglo-American misunderstanding. We shall ever be charged with too much fog and too little humor. Let it be so. In that kindly mist of misapprehension the exploring American mind will enjoy ceaseless surprise. This "Treasury of British Humor" is rich in evidence of how un-English the English really are.

Roundup of Xmas Humor Books

"Insides Out," by John Mason Brown. Dodd, Mead ($2.). A critic attends his own opening. Mr. Brown makes some pointed comments about his operation. No diagrams.

"Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough. Dodd, Mead ($2.50). Two young girls meet Europe and the mixture is as laughing gas upon the reader.

"A Subtreasury of American Humor," by E. B. White and Katherine S. White. Coward-McCann ($3.). A rounded, flavorsome collection of Americana, with an inexhaustible supply of laughs.

"Drawn and Quartered," by Charles Addams. Countless macabre and malicious—but completely funny—cartoons from *The New Yorker.* Boris Karloff contributes an introduction. The Karloff-Addams combination makes for an unbeatable gruesome twosome.

"New Yorker War Album." Random House ($2.). If we could laugh our way to victory, this book would win the war.

"Innocent Merriment," by F. P. A. Whittlesey House ($3.). Verse wired for sound and streamlined for mirth.

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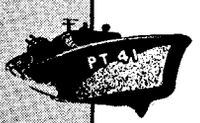

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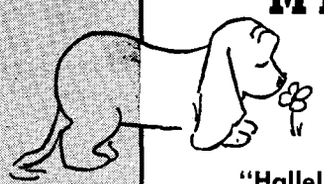

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And the Japanese Flocked Behind

EDWARD SYLVESTER MORSE: A Biography. By Dorothy G. Wayman. Harvard University Press. 1942. 457 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by ELLERY SEDGWICK

THE mortal who can carry his universe about with him is pretty sure to make something of it before he is through. Edward Sylvester Morse was deaf and blind to things which had no concern with his spirit. Of the external beauty of this world, of esthetics, of literature, of poetry he was oblivious. But to the order of the universe, the infinite gradations of the evolutionary process he was exquisitely alive. Accurate observation, visual memory, analytical genius, all were his. Though he wore blinders, his eyes could see far.

This obscure Yankee, half strangled by poverty, utterly without education in the ordinary sense, who never opened a book of literature or history or philosophy or art, who cared for Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" rather more than for any other picture, who lived alongside the greatest of New England without consciousness of their existence, did recognize the greatness of one necessary man. From the moment he began to work for Agassiz, Morse felt that the key to his own existence was in the pocket of the Swiss naturalist. Irritated and often embittered as he became over what seemed to him the ingratitude of the master, it was Agassiz to whom he owed his career and he knew it. He knew it in spite of exasperating disagreements, in spite of being unfairly vanquished in a farcical battle over the size of butter pats, in spite of the inadequacy of the salary paid him, even in spite of the slow but inevitable cleavage between the teacher who clung to the God-made world of his ancestors and the pupil of the new era who came to feel that Darwin was right and that this was a world of chance.

Morse was brought up in the cruel tenets of Calvinism. When he was twelve years old, his brother died and over his coffin the minister preached a sermon, dooming the boy's soul to eternal fire because he had not been saved through baptism. Walking home in her desolation, his mother muttered aloud "Never again will I step inside a Church door," words which her son never forgot. Half a dozen years later, at school, Morse got into an altercation with one McKusick, "a sick looking clown." Morse records the incident. "He got raving and says: 'If you don't repent, if you aren't born to the Spirit, you will be Cast Out.' He said the last in an exciting tone. I took it cool and told him about being born with the spirit." All through the long sequel, Morse took it cool. He lived in an evolutionary world. His god, in spite of a curious dabbling in spiritism, was science.

There were great days in Morse's career. As a very temporary pupil at Bethel Academy, he came upon an earth-colored land snail, one thirty-second of an inch in length. *Helex Astericus* determined his career. Then there was the day when he went to work for Agassiz at the opening of the Harvard Museum of Comparative Zoölgy. There was the day when the munificence of George Peabody enabled him to find work at the Essex Institute in Salem. Almost as if in evolutionary succession came his expedition to Japan in search of mollusks and more mollusks; and his epochal discovery of the shell mounds of Ormori which yielded up a complete archaelogical history of the early culture of Japan and turned a purely scientific investigator into the accurate historian of the progress of a forgotten people.

The shells of Ormori accomplished more than this. Before they had done with him, they had made Morse a collector unrivalled in his field. Was ever the citadel of Art entered by so curious a postern-gate! His mind teeming with his beloved *Brachipoda,* Morse chanced one day to spy, in a little shop, a saucer made in the precise shape of a pecten shell. His Japanese companions thought little of the cheap brown ware but Morse was fascinated and, in the years that followed, made a collection of Japanese pottery still unrivalled in the world and an abiding glory of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

This was in the Seventies. The Japanese, removed from the Middle Ages by scarcely a decade of foreign education, flocked about this Salem Yankee who walked among them with such naturalness, with no trace of superiority about him, teaching them the wonders of their own early culture. They made him a professor at their nascent university. They created a laboratory for him. They honored him with their respect and affection. Richly he repaid them. He taught them to take pride in the rich inheritance of their art. It is directly owing to Morse that the national treasures of Japan are no longer permitted to leave their native land.

Miss Wayman gives us a delightful picture of the Yankee genius making himself so perfectly at home in a country whose history and language were Greek to him and to whose lovely landscape he was as indifferent as if it had been a Salem meadow. Morse had lectured widely in America, eking out the various necessities of living and, in Tokyo, extraordinary as it seems, he talked to eager audiences in the same homely and vivid English. Greatly gifted as a draughtsman, Morse's left hand was as proficient as his right and, with two pieces of chalk, he could draw a pair of Brachiopodas with a perfection not short of marvelous. And always the ultimate theme of his discourse was Evolution.

To the Japanese mind, the Darwinian doctrine was wholly consonant with the national religion of Shinto but the missionaries looked at it through other glasses. Their lightnings played about the forehead of the lecturer but the lightning did not strike.

In American annals Morse is a unique figure and Miss Wayman tells his extraordinary story with sympathy untarnished by even a touch of adulation. If she sometimes condescends to the chronicle of trivialities, she makes up for it by excursions into the classifition of the shell world quite sufficient to double the knowledge of this reviewer. Hers is a very human Morse. The warts are in the portrait. A kindly man without vanity yet wholly self-centered; wife and children weighed lightly in one scale of the balance when the tiniest mollusk was in the other. Buried in debt, he insisted on a new wing for his Salem house, cramping his family, to enlarge his collection. But his work was never for himself. Always he toiled for science and "the truth." Many honors came to him and he wore them with a carefree charm, captivating to friend and stranger. The present writer can see him still, walking benignly through the streets of Boston, a group of Japanese students trooping about him and listening with rapture to any secrets of the history of Nature he might let fall.

What a picture it is to remember in 1942!

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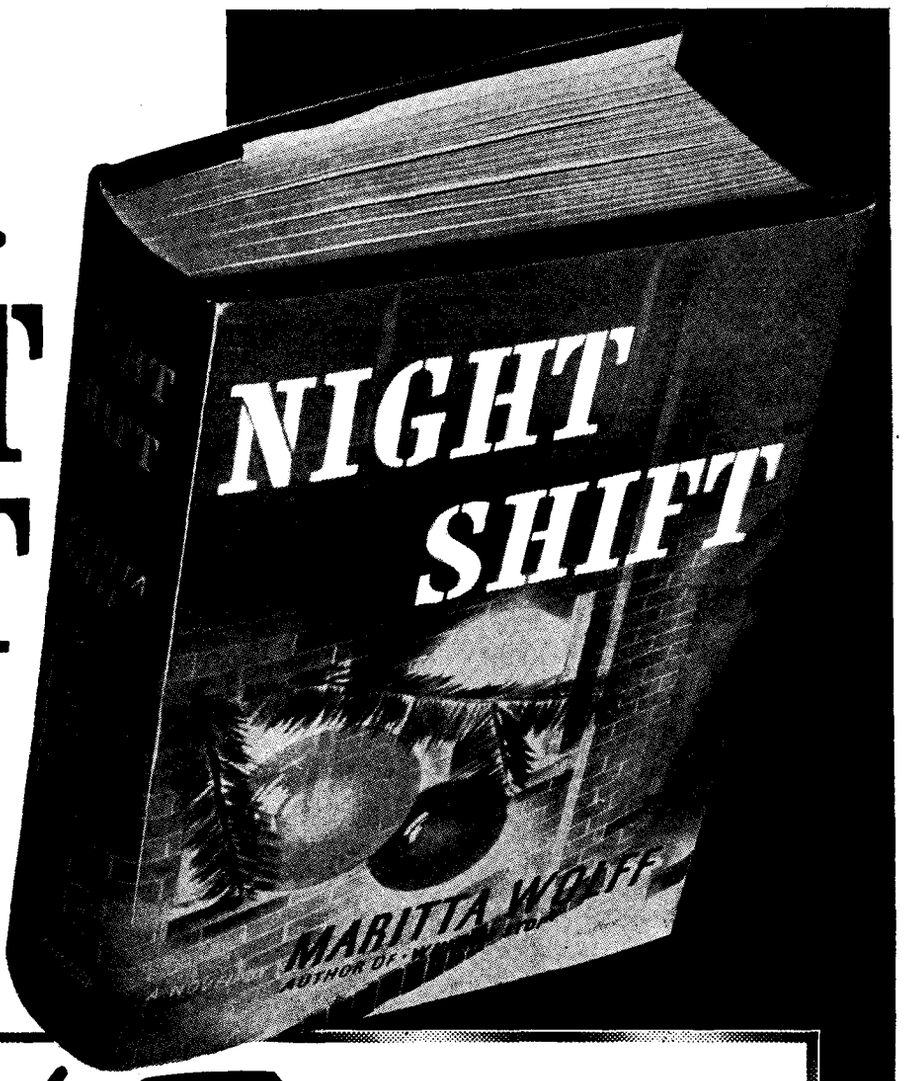

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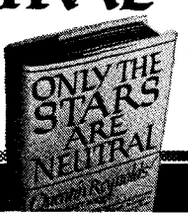

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THE YALE REVIEW ANTHOLOGY. Edited with an Introduction by Wilbur Cross and Helen MacAfee. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1942. 405 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THE readers of *The Yale Review,* if this anthology of selections from the pages of that quarterly for the past twenty years be representative, are of the opinion that they have a civic no less than an esthetic responsibility; that the primary business of literature is not to delight by subtle (and often difficult) manipulations of form and style, analysis and velleity, but that, on the contrary, the primary business of literature in these dreadful days is to appeal to civic intelligence no less than to private sensibility; and that we have not defined "literature" by divorcing it from the life of the state, and the virtues and the duties of the citizen.

A whole section of the "Yale Review Anthology" is naturally given over to "public affairs," inasmuch as the *Yale Review* is a journal of opinion, and opinion, in the minds of the Connecticut editors, is not confined to esthetic and dialectical performance. To remark that the writers whose essays are here reprinted are competent writers is unnecessary; the point is that to include such prose in an anthology designed to show what American writers have accomplished these last twenty years is a necessary act—necessary, not only because we must be faithful to the record, but also because to assume that this kind of excellence has disappeared from a literature that includes Tom Paine and *The Federalist,* the speeches of Lincoln and the prose of Whitman is to suppose that American literature took a very queer turn some twenty years ago. But not only has American literature continued to include competent and moving prose about public affairs, it has never been richer in this department of our intellectual life.

The opening section of the "Yale Review Anthology" is vaguely entitled "Essays and Sketches." Mr. Mencken's essay on the American language or the essay on the power of the written word by Mr. Stephen Vincent Benét represents an approach to the problem of words poles removed from the interests of Allen Tate and our more esthetic critics like John Crowe Ransom, Morris Bishop, or R. P. Blackmur. An essay on Montaigne, an essay on Housman, a chapter of Concord reminiscence by Mr. Henry A. Beers, an examination of "nature writers" by Mr. Henry S. Canby—these have an air of being school-book pieces. The advanced guard is likely to look upon these subjects as jejune; or, if not that, to look upon the treatment and the style, the values and the content as either middle-of-the-road or hopelessly old-fashioned. But as Mr. Eliot points out in an essay reprinted in another anthology, "American Harvest," tradition has values that are lacking in experimentalism and in eccentricity alike; and whatever it is that we want thoughtful writing to do for us in the agony ahead is more likely to get itself usefully done, one suspects, after the manner and upon the assumptions of the "Yale Review" group of selections.

There is a third part to the "Yale Review Anthology"—a section of stories and sketches. The stories and sketches collected into the other aforementioned anthology are definitely superior, partly because the "Yale Review" hasn't the same range and variety from which selection can be made. Yet even in this little group of tales, none of them outstanding, one thing is clear. One's attention is given to their imaginative substance rather than to experiments in style and construction, and the appeal of the story is not to a special coterie or a sparsely scattered group but rather to the common interests of educated men. I do not mean to imply that experimentation must cease. But I suggest that it must take a different turn. I can but remember in this connection the injunction of Turgeniev's hero, "Simplify, simplify!" For if imaginative literature is to reach readers in the dark hours to come, it will fail in its task if it puts between its productions and the cultivated person the bars of artificial subtleties, a lush growth of verbal velleities, a kind of technological complexity in which craftsman speaks only to craftsman until only a third technician can unravel and explain what is meant. Such is, indeed, the problem that many excellent artists and subtle-minded critics must solve in the privacy of their self-communings during the next few months. Shall they continue to create new and pleasing perplexities or shall they, like Goethe and Tolstoy and many another, return to a different interpretation of their civic responsibility as artists?

Young Poetry

LAMENT FOR THE CHIEFTAINS. By Martha Bacon. New York: Coward-McCann. 1942. 54 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE title of this review is not meant invidiously. On the contrary, there is a bloom to young poetry written by the fine-grained, that is almost indefinable and seldom appears again. Miss Bacon's book (she is in private life Mrs. Philip Oliver-Smith, and dedicates her book to her husband) takes its title from the longest poem, concerning the sovereigns of Hawaii. (In my childhood I myself first confronted the countenance of King Kamehameha on a postage stamp. Later on in life there was the story that a near relative of my first wife had played poker in the Royal Palace and was heard to remark, "Ante up, King!")

In easily rhymed couplets Miss Bacon gives us the head of the dynasty's "yen for Landseer's 'Monarch of the Glen,'" for horsehair and turkey carpets, and the style of Queen Victoria, dear also to Queen Emma of the Isles; conveys the tragedy wrought by Puritan missionaries upon the childlike natives, and furnishes a hint of the story of the half-Scotch Princess Kaiuolani. This meditation upon Kailua, written in 1939, has a number of original elements, and seems to point to excellent narrative to come. I hope so; for there is deft turn of phrase here, admirable color, and a lightly ironic touch.

In "Spanish Tragedy," what Velasquez said he would paint cannot but remind us slightly of Elinor Wylie's "Castilian," as indeed "Persephone," a short poem in curt lines, summons up more strongly the earlier poet's "Incantation." But it would be extraordinary indeed if a first book did not bear some hint of influence.

Toward the end of her slim volume, Miss Bacon has several things to say about her own country, in "American Story" and "American Dream," that have pith and sinew. In the lyric her verse is well-knit. She has original perceptions and the ability to express them, as in "Cain," "These Are Strangers," "Not for the Brave," and "Beware the Innocent." Occasionally there is something utterly astonishing. From "New England Winter":

> The fiery pelt of autumn's fox
> He flings across his saddle bow,
> And ruthless, from his wrist unlocks
> A silver falcon-flight of snow.

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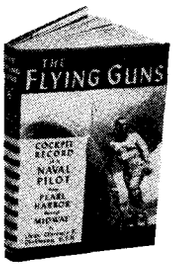

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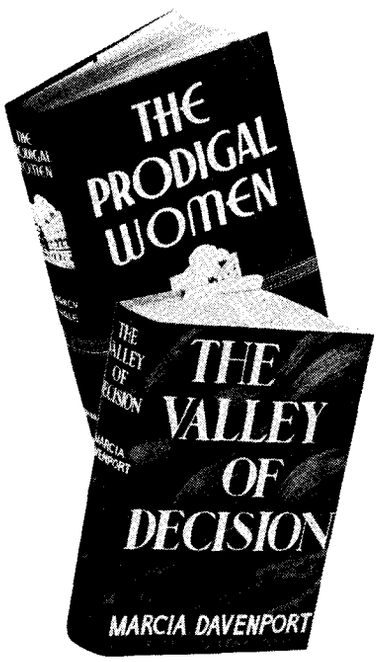

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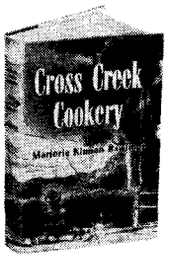

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BY
Genevieve Taggard

A new book of poems which Sylvia Townsend Warner hails: "How pungent, how solid, how genuinely lyrical." "Her freshness of image and vision, compactness, vigor of language—all are extremely refreshing."
—Conrad Aiken. $2.00

HARPER

Odes, Lyrics, and Allergies

GOOD INTENTIONS. By Ogden Nash. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1942. 180 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

REMEMBERING all the praise that has been spread over Ogden Nash's seven preceding volumes by uncritical admirers and admiring critics—this reviewer having placed himself in both categories—and partially disarmed by the present deprecatory title, it must be admitted that "Good Intentions," the Master's latest collection, is (alas) far from his best. All the favorite Nashian devices are here: the oddly distorted but somehow matching lines, the new and old words startled to find themselves coupled in Procrustean rhyme—*e.g.*, "vestibule" and "indigestibule," "mocassins" and "antitocassins," "heterogeneous" and "an etcetera genius"—the nimble lunacy which builds an anticlimax and topples a social foible with equal dexterity. The face and the manner are familiar—a shade too familiar. But something is missing. Is it the old spontaneity, the sense of ease in the midst of bewilderment? Can it be that the indefatigable recorder of the cockeyed is a bit weary, even a little disdainful of his role? Is the clowning gymnast anxious to go "straight," to play Horatio if not Hamlet? More than a few of the latest poems seem too careless to conceal their mechanics; some of them are not only dogged but dog-tired and (do I hear cries of "Treason!") dull.

But if there is a quantity of rationed ersatz Ogden, there is a satisfactory allotment of handpicked, sunkissed, topflight, cream-of-the-crop Nash. In the 180 pages of "Good Intentions" there are many—perhaps fifty by an inexact comptometer—which will tease, titillate (or will they titivate?), pique, and possibly convulse any reader. There is "The Strange Case of Mr. Ormantude's Bride," which is a macabre short story out of the world, out of James Thurber's world—and welcome to it. There is the bittersweet "Lament on the Eve of Parting," with its poignantly concluding:

O Abel, no longer visible,
Abel, I'm misible!

There is "Please Pass the Biscuit," which will be treasured, clipped, and quoted by every dog-lover, especially because of its characterizing second stanza:

She's darker than Hamlet,
Lighter than Porgy;
Her heart is gold,
Her odor, dorgy.

There are Nash's many left-handed tributes to the perenially unpopular Dr. Fell; his hymns to lassitude (as opposed to "vivacitude"), notably in "Get Up Fellows, It's Time to Go to Bed"; his contagious preoccupation with names, gnomes, and niblicks; his grimly unromantic attitude to Christmas, with its disheartening openings:

Roses are things which Christmas is not a bed of them,
Because it is the day when parents finally realize that their children will always be a jump ahead of them.
You stay up all night trimming the tree into a veritable fairyland and then in the joyous morn you spring it on the children in a blaze of glory, and who says "Ooh! ?"
You.

The title preceding these misanthropic lines is "April Yule, Daddy," which shows what will happen to an unregenerate paronomasian when he is in there punching and no holds barred. Similarly when the author is "on the burn" about hay fever, he playfully entitles his grievance "Allergy in a Country Churchyard." Even the one completely serious and memorably tragic poem in the volume bears a punning title—and a German pun—*Heil, Heilige Nacht!*

The good pieces, though perhaps fewer in number and density, outweigh the too contrived and too casual verses. In fact, the more this reviewer thinks of "Good Intentions," the more he thinks of it. Nash may not be at his best all the way through the book, but he is at his best often enough. And when he is at his best there is none better, none quite as good. Therefore, reader, please ignore the first paragraph. The reviewer obviously didn't know his own mind at the moment of going to press. He knows it now, he thinks.

When Ogden Nash is at his best, there is none better, none quite as good.

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* * * * *

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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HOLLYWOOD AND THE INTELLECTUALS

(*Continued from page* 6)

campaign against the English gained dangerous headway; it still is dangerous, but motion pictures — entertainment motion pictures—expose the fallacy of the Hitler thought-wedge: that we are so "different" from the English. The writer of this article made one contribution, the production of "Eagle Squadron"; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer did a magnificent job with "Mrs. Miniver," Twentieth Century Fox with "The Pied Piper." In the field of understanding Russia better, Warner's is devoting minute care to "Mission to Moscow"; almost every studio will put its top skill into at least one picture with Russian background.

We, as Americans, have much to do at home, improving our standards of citizenship, viewing economics in a way to avoid post-war debacle, informing our people so that we will not again be caught in the complacency that was shattered by Pearl Harbor.

IT is pouring heady wine to talk to liberals about the motion picture in relation to future problems, around the world, and increasing educational needs at home. Once the liberal grasps the potentiality, he tends to feel: "Fine, just let us get our hands on the movies and all will be well." That tendency is intensified if the liberal happens to be part of a government bureau. He forgets he hasn't trained hands. He, and almost all would-be changers of the movies, gloss over the fact that American motion pictures possess power because they universally *entertain.* Much is being done, and will be done, to increase Hollywood's output of factual and ideational pictures. This writer has advocated that development, fought for it, and hopes to have some part in its fruition. However, all who wish the American motion picture to increase in usefulnness might bear in mind a recent scene. Hitler's agents wanted the inhabitants of an Alsatian village to see one of Herr Goebbels's films. The only way the Gestapo could keep the audience inside was by locking the theater doors. In America, we have a surfeit of escapism in films. That should be lessened. At least, though, world audiences escape through our films, not from them.

If there is to be an entente between the liberal and Hollywood, the first requisite is a realistic, non-snobbish viewpoint on the liberal's part. The motion pictures reach the people whom the liberal needs to convert, but seemingly the liberal wants to change the tastes, emotional reflexes, and mental processes of his constituency—the general citizen—before the liberal will condescend to do any converting. It is impossible, for example, to mention the star system to an intellectual, without causing pain. Yet the world-wide personal appeal of American motion picture stars, and their appeal at home, constitute an intrinsic strength of great value. Herr Goebbels's human implements lack glamour, and he lacks the technique to give it to them. That is one reason we will defeat him.

The thesis of the power of star-appeal can be simply illustrated by the recently released Clark Gable-Lana Turner vehicle, "Somewhere I'll Find You." This was a sex-laden comedy in its early portion—the old scramble of two men—brothers this time—for one girl. The film's last third suddenly whisked the principals to Bataan. Skilfully contrived battle scenes showed soldiers' heroism on that peninsula. At the last, Gable, a war correspondent, is dictating under battle conditions the stories of the men he and the audience saw die. Some of the more effete critics held that the patriotic finish was abrupt, far-fetched, Hollywood. (That last epithet because of the service of motion pictures and motion picture people in the war, is beginning to be a compliment.) Audiences do not find the jump from comedy to drama in "Somewhere I'll Find You" unreal. They sit tense and silent through the "patriotic" scenes; they know life changes like that; they know men die just as Gable, in the picture, sees them die. The tens of millions who will attend this picture like Gable, because they long ago sensed he is "a regular guy"; they like Lana because she signifies sprightly comedy on the screen, and for natural endowments, some of which are said to be the direct cause of Hays's office sweater restrictions. Too crude an appeal, you say? Yet those audiences, because they saw vividly screened heroism through the eyes of personalities they like, will carry indelibly the impact of what happened on Bataan. Those impressions, filmed on the mind, will prove of great value in that inevitable day when Herr Goebbels launches his carefully prepared propaganda for a patched-up peace. Movie-goers will have stored many such screen memories, adding irrevocably to their conviction that the United States must see this job of global war to its finish.

There is a second necessity for an entente between the intellectual (the liberal) and the American motion picture. Recognition is needed that skills do exist in Hollywood, that producers, directors, writers of films are not some tribe apart, but men who have learned the technique of speaking to the world today. Pass over producers and directors. They are merely men who have spent twenty-five or thirty years studying public entertainment standards and how to apply them.

Liberals might well concentrate on recognition for the screen writer. A novelist or a playwright writes. Whatever he does is his—not only in monetary reward but in critical appraisal. A scenarist writes. He is scarcely heard of unless some superior blames him for a poor picture.

The fact that skill is involved in the writing of screen plays is proved by the records of many authors, competent in other fields, who have failed to make good in Hollywood. The affirmative side of what the screen writer does is exciting. Take the case of "Mrs. Miniver." Almost everyone knows the name of Jan Struther, who wrote the original, slender book. James Hilton, who aided in the screen play, is known because he is a novelist. However, almost no one knows the names of Arthur Wimperis, George Froeschel, Claudine West, who put plot behind the book's thesis and transferred it with maximum effectiveness to the motion picture medium. We make a face both at posterity and history if we assume that none of this writing is literature.

I MAKE only brief mention of original screen plays. If Kaufman and Hart had written last year's great success, "Woman of the Year" for the stage, much additional kudos would have accrued to their names. The two young men who did write for the screen, Ring Lardner, Jr., and Michael Kanin, were mentioned only because Katharine Hepburn maneuvered MGM into paying them $100,000 for the job.

Some mechanism of contact evidently is needed with Hollywood. One government agency has worked it out very effectively. Nelson Rockefeller, Coördinator For Inter-American Affairs, suggested that Hollywood set up a corollary organization. We did that. It is called the Motion Picture Society for the Americas. The office of the Coördinator For Inter-American Affairs makes suggestions through the Society and also furnishes technical advisers on any specific picture problem when the Society asks such help. It is almost daily asked.

A basic factor in all these matters is the necessity for closing the gap between intellectuals and Hollywood. The American motion picture is the medium through which the relationship of goodwill among men can be established. The intellectual should orient himself to that fact.

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The Phoenix Nest

IT seems to us that at this time it won't be a bad idea to print some verse we have received now and again simply in regard to books! After all, the business of this periodical *is* books. Smiley Fowler, editor of *The Greensburg Times*, "The Only Weekly Newspaper Printed in Decatur County (Ind.)" tells us about George E. Erdmann of Los Angeles who "has spent a goodly portion of time collecting a library. He has always read for entertainment. No interest in bindings, first editions, or cults. Incidentally, he has written and published a lot of good humorous verse, including two books, one of which I had the pleasure of editing. For his remaining years Mr. Erdmann has developed the hobby of distributing his books among his friends, particularly those he knows to be allergic to old-book nostalgia." So Mr. Fowler has written, *in re* "A Gift of Old Books,"

Dear G. E. E.:
The books arrived the other day,
Du Maupassant, du Maurier,
Copperfield and Adam Bede,
O. Henry, Wallace, Hope, and Reade:
Brave tales all. They've joined the crew
Already landed, thanks to you.
Upon my shelves they strut their stuff,
Scorning days not long enough.

"Aw, just a sentence," they implore,
And hold me for a chapter more.
"Remember this old quip?" they ask,
And, dammit, I forget my task!

I miss a news-cast, like as not,
For some old poem, half forgot.
It's time for work. The clock says, "Eight,"
But Poe and Kipling murmur, "Wait!"
"What's the hurry?" they inquire.
"What the hell?" and "Where's the fire?"

Though the wolf be at the door,
You just can't make those old guys sore.
So what's a working man to do?
Thanks to them and thanks to you!

One of our old friends, Virginia Scott Miner of Kansas City sends us:

OF BOOKS

Here is a portal wide to all,
A wealth beyond the mint,
A friendly treasury of books,
Democracy of print.

And while these volumes wait our call,
Stand ready on our shelves,
We have for ignorance no plea,
No blame but for ourselves.

Miriam Allen de Ford says that our hymn to the Encyclopaedia Britannica inspired her to perpetrate one following the volume-titles of the 14th edition as follows:

A to Anno, Annu to Balt,
Nourishing egg with plenty of salt.
Balt to Brai and Brai to Cast,
Answers to everything at last.
Cast to Cole and Cole to Dama,
Life and history, fact and drama.
Dama to Educ, Educ to Extr,
Before I owned it I was perplexed'r.
Extr to Gamb and Game to Gun,
Still not half the story's done.
Gunn to Hydr, Hydr to Jere,
Limitless information here.
Jere to Libe and Libi to Marry,
Wisdom to load a dromedary.
Mary to Mus and Mus to Ozon,
Still the parade of knowledge goes on.
P to Plan and Plan to Raym,
Yet more fuel to feed the flame.
Open your mind—pull out the cork
Sord to Text and Text to Vasc,
How well these scholars have done their task!
Vase to Zygo, Atlas and Index,
Britannica authors deserve to win checks!

We thank Earl Walbridge with heartfelt emotion for the first edition copy of Louis Tracy's, "The Wings of the Morning," which he has inscribed *Res ipsa loquitor*. It was published by Edward I. Clode, of 156 Fifth Avenue in 1903.

We seem to have unwittingly neglected a communication from Helen B. Griggs (Mrs. C. T.) of Penn Yan, N. Y. We think it most informative, and pass it on:

The Phoenix-Nest brood of island book-titles hatched for the *SRL* of October 12 brought to my mind other flights of fancy belonging to the same genus.

The first "grown-up novel" that I read was "Foul Play" by the Victorian novelist, Charles Reade, of which Louis Tracy's "Wings of the Morning" was vaguely reminiscent. Then there was Herman Melville's "Typee." Many of the novels of W. Clark Russell dealt with islands but they were of secondary interest to the sea.

The light-hearted spirit of adventure came with the inimitable "Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," by Frank R. Stockton, and the "Pines of Lory," by Donald G. Mitchell.

For dog-lovers is "Jerry of the Islands," Jack London's tale of a castaway dog, sole survivor of a lost ship.

For those who like a foundation in fact is the "Mutiny on the Bounty," by Nordhoff and Hall.

If you prefer narrative strictly up-to-date, turn to "Appleby on Arrarat" for a group of extraordinary people escaping from a torpedoed Liner, in a, hitherto, untried vehicle, to an equally amazing island situation created by that master of cryptic literary allusion who calls himself "Michael Inness." As a successful screen play "Four Frightened People" was taken from a book of the same name by Arnot Robertson.

All these tales feature the castaway motive, but there are many others, most of them, like Hall Cain's Man stories and Pierre Loti's "Iceland Fisherman," deal with too large and civilized islands for this list, but here are two worth while. "The Dancing Floor," by John Buchan, concerns a primitive Aegean island, and "Wind in the East," by Anna Robson Burr, is a fine story of the island of Rhodes.

A new novel by Craig Rice, "Telefaire," is a well told psychological study of an evil haunted, dream ridden family living in splendid seclusion on a completely isolated Chesapeake island.

Eleanor Nichole, of Waverly Place, this city, says our Britannica rhyme suggested to her, from her childhood, another experiment in mnemonics:

We had an enterprising young teacher of "Theology" (mine was a Mormon church academy) who brought a new method to the old task of learning the books of the Bible. The Old Testament was easy. It went to a rather dull sing-song which taxed the vocal powers of no one—having no note lower than the first, which made it possible to begin at the bottom of one's range, and reaching its highest note—less than an octave above—with the second "Chronicles." The New Testament was a different matter. Since your acquaintance with things Mormon is, most likely, limited, the name of the song will not carry much significance. (It's "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet.") The vocal requirements are similar to those of "The Star-Spangled Banner"—requiring a youth whose voice is changing or a coloratura. All goes well through Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and on past Corinthians. Then comes the disconcerting flight into the upper register. To this day I can reel off the books of the Old Testament, if no one objects to a faint humming. But the New Testament has me licked.

The Churchills

How peculiar the following seems to us today. It is Mrs. Oliphant, remarking in her "The Reign of Queen Anne" (published in the early Nineties):

He [The Duke of Marlborough] was not an irreproachable hero. Court scandal had not spared him. He was said to have founded his fortune upon the bounty of one of the shameless women of Charles's court. . . . About his sister, Arabella Churchill, unfortunately there could not be any doubt; and it is a curious instance of the sudden efflorescence now and then of a race which neither before nor after is of particular note, that Marlborough's sister should have been the mother of that one illustrious Stuart who might, had he been legitimate, have changed the fortunes of the house—the Duke of Berwick. Had she, instead of Anne Hyde, been James's duchess, what a difference might have been made in history. Nobody had heard of the Churchills before—they have not been a distinguished race since. It is curious that they should have produced, all unawares, without preparation or warning, the two greatest soldiers of the age.

And another one in our own time!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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Swinnerton and Realism

THANKLESS CHILD. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1942. 380 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

RICH, diverse, packed with careful detail of character and incident, "Thankless Child" is the best-constructed and intellectually most notable novel Mr. Swinnerton has given us for a very long time. It is not irrelevant, I hope, to congratulate this author, engaged as he is in varied war-work, on his powers of reasonable, admirable detachment from the labor and ardors of the war. This book is an excellent example of the freedom a man can keep in his own inner kingdom. For the period of this novel is the year in which Lady Astor and Mr. Bernard Shaw—was it 1929?—visited the Soviet Republics; and the amount of space given to the hurricane then gathering its forces over Europe is precisely the amount given by Tom, Gladys, and Sam in London—that is, none at all.

—*Drawing by Churchill Ettinger*

Frank Swinnerton has created a symbolic character in Frankie Snape.

"Thankless Child" is the history of Frankie Snape, and her agony in cutting herself loose from her possessive father. The great triumph of the book is the portrait of Snape— a man who atones for personal impotence, though he has talent, by his arrogant assumption that "the Snapes" are the judges of the world—nonpareil. After some ineffective love-affairs, he marries a woman who despises him, and who dies when their child is born. From then Snape's egotism is gathered round, fastened on his daughter. In his portrayal of that grasping, selfish love Mr. Swinnerton does not entirely succeed. It would have needed a Marcel Proust, or perhaps an Arthur Schnitzler, properly to describe the morbidity of the relationship. Mr. Swinnerton hints at it, approaches it, but falls too easily into the escape suggested in the book's title— for Snape is no Lear, nor is Frankie any of Lear's daughters. Accustomed from infancy to this greedy, possessive, unnatural affection of her father's she catches the infection of his disease, and can at times find in his love an unwholesome compensation for more normal affection. In the resolution of her disturbing distress Mr. Swinnerton is at his best. The young Scot, Lovat Kyle, painter and lover, is as well done as the young Irishman, who for a moment is his rival, is badly done. The story has a splendid necessity about it. One never doubts that Kyle will win Frankie, and yet the reader suffers the same apprehensions and perplexities as attack Kyle himself.

The background of the story has the same depth and reality as the history of the lovers. The odd little Scoble, who was at school with Mordred Snape, the cockney charwoman, the office at Seddington's, where Snape works, the whole scene of this congested, struggling, unaware London are magnificently drawn. Especially good are the scenes in the public-house frequented by Snape and Scoble; and the comments of the barmaid on her two familiar clients could not be better in their betrayal. Another superb portrait is of Agnes, Snape's sister and housekeeper, whose view of her brother is still so brutally, so truthfully that of the small boy with the large words and the feeble achievements.

"Thankless Child" only just misses being a great novel: even as it is, it is the best novel of realism that has come out of England these last two years.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

14. William Cowper: "The Cricket." 12. Nathalia Crane: "Suffering." 9. Emily Dickinson: "Nature." 10. Emerson: "The Humble-Bee." 3. Charlotte Perkins Gilman: "The Conservative." 15. Arthur Guiterman: "Epigram." 13. Samuel Hoffenstein: "Songs About Life and Brighter Things Yet." 5. Mary Howitt: "The Spider and the Fly." 6. Leigh Hunt: "To the Grasshopper and the Cricket." 7. Keats: "On the Grasshopper and the Cricket." 2. Christopher Morley: "I Knew a Black Beetle." 8. Jonathan Swift: "On Poetry." 11. Alfred Tennyson: "The Princess." 1. Isaac Watts: Divine Songs." 4. Walt Whitman: "A Noiseless Patient Spider."

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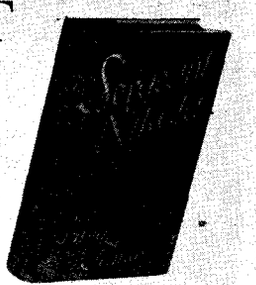

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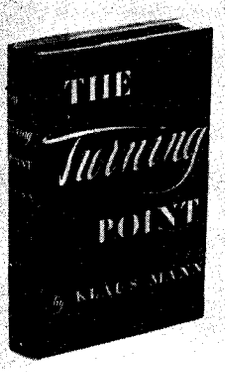

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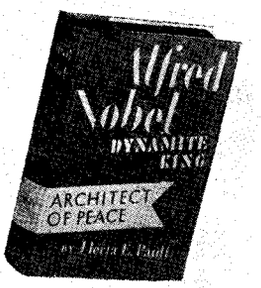

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Deep in the Heart of...

TEXAS: A World in Itself. By George Sessions Perry. New York: Whittlesey House. 1942. 293 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

IN his "Texas" of seventeen topical chapters Mr. Perry, Texas born and raised, chats upon and checks upon Texas physical, industrial, political, historical, civic, social, and domestic: rice, cotton, corn, turkeys, cattle, oil, the German settler's Panhandle where "de rain vas all vind, and de vind vas all sand," and where is the largest wheat field in the world —even the Texas world; Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth, Amarillo, El Paso, San Antonio, Victoria, his central Texas little home town, Rockdale, which with its free cows, cotton cropping, and turkey marketing and killing forms an engaging chapter; the Alamo, the campaign to San Jacinto, the muster for the present war; Sam Bass the much-sung bandit, Sam Houston the warrior and stateman, Noah Smithwick the storied early settler, Jim Ferguson the politician and governor; Texas menus, clothes, likker, and lingo.

There is something in all this, as in a Texas hamburger and certain stew, for everybody. He submits that the Texas subject is "myriad, multifarious, and endless." The state itself is too much of a spread for any one book. On the King Ranch alone the seasons in the northern and southern sections differ by a month, the rainfall in the state decreases by five inches the hundred miles from the Gulf coast westward until there isn't any at all, western Texas up the Rio Grande may be a badlands desert but southeastern Texas down the Rio Grande is lush and tropical. Enterprises, like hats and proverbial Texas hearts, are upon a large scale, and cherished abnormalities of people and speech further encourage the belief, as held, that anything about Texas is of general interest. Further to characterize state and clan: "Most anything that is indigenous to the Southwest we feel belongs exclusively to Texas. The fact is, of course, that it doesn't. But that's the way our minds work."

All right. But the historian, however, will hardly concede that in joining the United States Texas reserved another right, that of dividing into five states. This sub-division idea had been voluntarily incorporated in the Congress joint resolution of annexation as a compromise sop to the bickering slave-state and free-state partisans in Congress and the nation. And primarily it enabled the future disposal of territory, part of which, under the statehood, was already slave holding, while another part, as supposed, was forever free by the Missouri Compromise Act. Congress had to do some hedging about that.

Mr. Perry follows his chapter upon Texas's battling rise to independence with one upon Texas in this war again for the stake of freedom. Universal appeal breathes in the word picture of the first muster of the local selectees in his own small town: Four o'clock in the morning, with a norther on and the thermometer at eighteen degrees; the transport busses waiting at the curb before the City Hall; there gather in the City Hall, fathers, mothers, wives, the summoned men and boys—"boys I'd never seen before in my life, boys that the backwoods had disgorged." It was a demonstration of "what American democracy and Texas were." There were parting touch, word, look. When names were called obedient heels went clacking down the stairway, to the assigned busses. With interiors blacked the busses pulled out for San Antonio. Few of the sleeping townspeople would "understand how much, in this one night, the town had aged."

The story is brought approximately to date with an inspection tour of the air-training fields at Victoria, San Antonio, Houston, Corpus Christi, where "through an accident of weather and space, the daring people, the tough people, are congregating in Texas." Conservative historic Victoria, of significant name, on the Guadalupe River in southeastern Texas, was fearful of a disturbing influx of outsiders and raw buildings. But the dubious visitation turned out to be something unobtrusive and socially agreeable, and the Victorianos moreover discovered that "none of the early Texans . . . had anything these boys [the ground crews and pursuit crews from many states] didn't have."

Further citations are of interest and comfort. Texas claims to more Army enlisted men per capita than any other state, ten per cent of the Navy personnel, thirty per cent of the Marine Corps; can supply millions of beef cattle for "good red meat," of hogs, pounds of wool a year, of rice for warrior Russia—to the extent of delivery.

The resources of Texas include the spiritual heritage of the Alamo, as set forth in a closing, intimate recountal of the men and their deeds. It is well to bear in mind also that if disorder had not prevailed over order the Alamo tragedy need not have happened.

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Josephine Lawrence and Contemporary Life

THERE IS TODAY. By Josephine Lawrence. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1942. 331 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY C. BENÉT

MORE than most novelists, Josphine Lawrence sets herself a definite problem. It is apt to be mathematically exact, and concrete enough to make a good discussion for an ethics class. What happens to an improvident family who can't add, in a highly provident world? Is the mistress and servant relationship based on injustice? Should a dutiful daughter sacrifice her own life to support her parents? These have been subjects well treated in her former books. This time she considers the timely question "Should a young couple marry with the draft staring them in the face?" Having set her subject, she then proceeds as usual to interpret it in human terms, to make it individual and moving, not just a test case.

Andrew and Candace Thane are young and much in love. Realizing that Andy will be called for military service shortly, they decide to marry and crowd in as much normal domestic life as they can before he has to leave. A great many people advise them against this course. This is useless since their minds are made up. Friends and neighbors, in that way that friends and neighbors have, predict dire consequences; the more suspicious among them hint that the marriage is all a means to evade the draft and are annoyed when this turns out to be untrue. Brushing aside all these conflicting opinions, Andy and Dace manage to do what they had planned. They work hard, live simply, celebrate Thanksgiving and Christmas and other family feasts, enjoy life, bear a son, and then are willing to have the draft part them, since they have laid the foundation for a happy marriage. As they both sum up the situation, "Who can dare wait now to save and plan for the future? As Dace says, there is no future, there is only today."

Around the main theme of her young couple, Miss Lawrence manages to give a lively and often humorous account of how the war affects various feminine temperaments in the neighborhood. There is the lady committee woman, the professional backer-of-worthy-causes, so occupied with good works and ordering her uniforms and selling tickets that she neglects her husband and home entirely. On the masculine side, there is a middle-aged Legion member who is always harping on the last war and suspecting the young men of this one of being slackers. Unusual in Miss Lawrence's books, there is a touch of sentimentality in the case of Andrew's father whose search for a birth certificate so that he can do war work, leads him to a long-lost mother and a situation worthy of a Victorian romance. On the other hand, we have Miss Lawrence at her best in a description of a banquet for China Relief, where the puzzled Candace, as course follows course, wonders, "why it should be necessary to stuff oneself, especially in the cause of a nation where millions might so easily starve."

"There Is Today" is a realistic account of the Thanes, their problem and their friends. It is quieter in tone than some of Miss Lawrence's previous books, but it has the same satisfying, honest picture of contemporary life. Her subject is only too timely for it must be a major preoccupation in the minds of many young couples at this exact moment.

Career at Any Cost

HANG MY HEART. By Anne Brooks. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1942. 374 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by REBECCA LOWRIE

ANNE BROOKS'S new novel is a deft and merciless character study of a young woman with a fixed idea—her own career. Josephine comes to New York after winning a competition for a job on *Femme Chic.* She is intelligent, handsome, and ambitious. People are kind to her; her wholesome, rather scraggy, roommate at the woman's hostel where she lives first introduces her to a group of artists and writers who are more warm-hearted and idealistic than successful and she has an affair with Michael whose short stories do not sell. Sybil, assistant editor of *Femme Chic,* who muddles along in her job to support a tubercular husband and two children, gives her valuable advice—and Josephine supplants her. It is a theme for E. M. Delafield at her most malicious best and although Miss Brooks is very smooth and skilful, her novel does not eat deeply enough into the tissue of behavior to be really important. The bitter irony of success at the cost of character, of success that means failure in human relationships, is the core of the story, but the author does not reach the core. Her surface explorations, however, make good reading. The story moves, the people are interesting. The picture of the inner workings of a fashion magazine, and of its extraordinary editor are its high spots.

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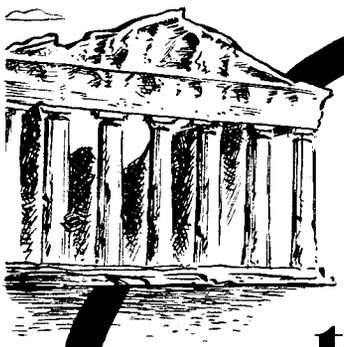

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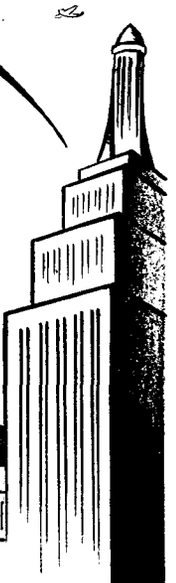

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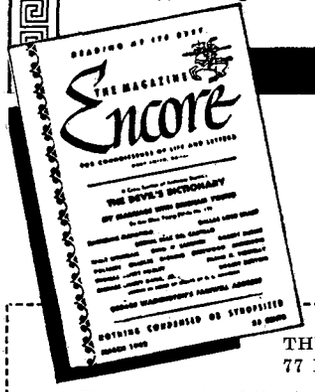

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WHAT *S.R.L.* REVIEWERS ARE GIVING FOR XMAS

(*Continued from page* 15)

RECAPITULATION

Listed by Two or More Reviewers

"They Were Expendable," by W. L. White, Harcourt, Brace & Co.
"On Native Grounds," by Alfred Kazin, Reynal & Hitchcock.
"Suez to Singapore," by Cecil Brown, Random House.
"Seventh Cross," by Anna Seghers, Little, Brown & Co.
"Last Train from Berlin," by H. K. Smith, Alfred Knopf.
"Drawn and Quartered," by Charles Addams, Random House.
"A Treasury of Great Poems," Ed. by Louis Untermeyer, Simon & Schuster.
"The Guilt of the German Army," by H. E. Fried, Macmillan.
"The Death of the Moth," by Virginia Woolf, Harcourt, Brace & Co.
"War and Peace," by Leo Tolstoy, Simon & Schuster.
"See Here, Private Hargrove," by Marion Hargrove, Henry Holt.
"G.B.S.," by Hesketh Pearson, Harper & Bros.
"Freedom and Culture," by John Dewey, G. P. Putnam.
"The Great Offensive," by Max Werner, Viking Press.
"The Techniques of Democracy," by Alfred Bingham, Duell, Sloan & Pearce.
"Goals for America," by Stuart Chase, Twentieth Century Fund.
"A Time for Greatness," by H. Agar, Little, Brown & Co.
"Willard Gibbs: American Genius," by M. Rukeyser, Doubleday, Doran.
"Village in August," by T'ien Chün, Smith & Durrell.
"The Song of Bernadette," by Franz Werfel, Viking Press.
"Layman's Guide to Naval Strategy," by Bernard Brodie, Princeton University Press.
"Toward Freedom," by Jawaharlal Nehru, John Day.
"My World—and Welcome to It!," by J. Thurber, Harcourt, Brace.
"The Year of the Wild Boar," by Helen Mears, J. B. Lippincott.
"John Brown's Body," by Stephen Vincent Benét, Farrar & Rinehart.
"Near Horizons," by Edwin Way Teale, Dodd, Mead.
"Conditions of Peace," by E. A. Carr, Macmillan.

Listed Once

"The Just and the Unjust," by James Gould Cozzens, Harcourt, Brace & Co.
"Government by Assassination," by Hugh Byas, Alfred A. Knopf.
"Freely to Pass," by Edward W. Beattie, Jr., Thomas Y. Crowell.
"Clark Gifford's Body," by Kenneth Fearing, Random House.
"Bowen's Court," by Elizabeth Bowen, Alfred A. Knopf.
"Sergeant Nikola," by Istvan Tamas, L. B. Fischer.
"The Great Journey," by Jennie Lee, Farrar & Rinehart.
"This Is My Best," edited by Whit Burnett, Dial Press.
"The Future of Industrial Man," by Peter F. Drucker, John Day.
"Plato's Republic in Modern English," by Francis Cornford, Oxford University Press.
"Dictionary of Quotations," by H. L. Mencken, Alfred A. Knopf.
"The Good Inheritance," by Norman Cousins, Coward-McCann.
"Lee's Lieutenants," by Douglas S. Freeman, Scribner's.
"Red Hills and Cotton," by Ben Robertson, Alfred A. Knopf.
"For My People," by Margaret Walker, Yale University Press.
"The Paris We Remember," by Elizabeth Finley Thomas, Appleton-Century.
"Writers in Crisis," by Maxwell Geismar, Houghton Mifflin.
"Glimpses of World History," by Jawaharlal Nehru, John Day.
"As William James Said," by Elizabeth Aldrich, Vanguard.
"Rebels and Gentlemen," Carl and Jessica Bridenbaugh, Reynal & Hitchcock.
"The Last Frontier," by Howard Fast, Duell, Sloan & Pearce.
"Berlin Diary," by William Shirer, Alfred A. Knopf.
"There Were Giants in the Land," by twenty-eight contemporary authors, Farrar & Rinehart.
"Innocent Merriment," ed. by Franklin P. Adams, Whittlesey House.
"This Green World," by Rutherford Platt, Dodd, Mead & Co.
"Fading Trails," ed. by Charles Elliott, Macmillan.
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"Reveille in Washington," by Margaret Leech, Harper & Brothers.
"Free Men are Fighting," by Oliver Gramling, Farrar & Rinehart.
"The Background of Our War," War Dept. Symposium, Farrar & Rinehart.
"I Love You, I Love You, I Love You," by Ludwig Bemelmans, Viking Press.
"Philosophy in a New Key," Susan Langer, Harvard University Press.
"One Man's Meat," by E. B. White, Harper & Brothers.
"Primer for Combat," by Kay Boyle, Simon & Schuster.
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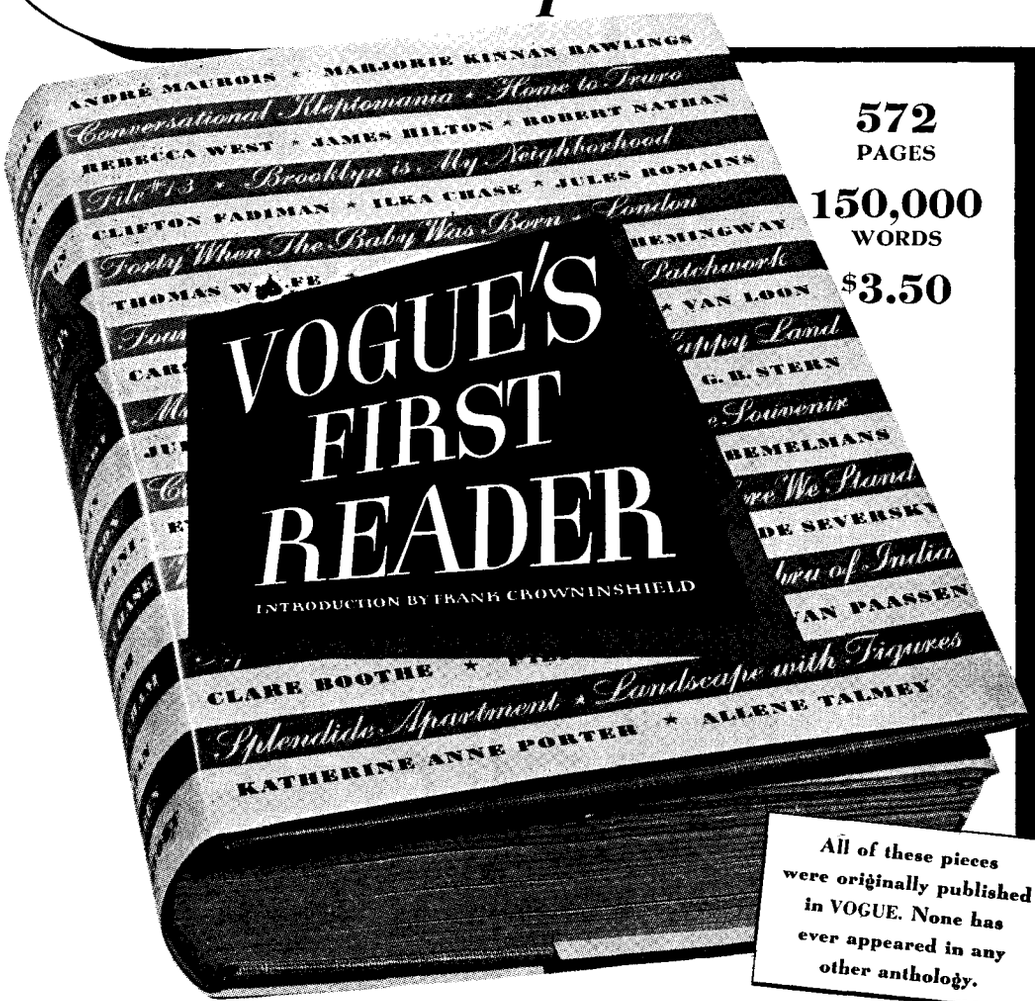
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Mechanism of the Earth's Greenery

THIS GREEN WORLD. By Rutherford Platt. With illustrations from photographs by the author. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1942. 222 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ALAN DEVOE

IN the introductory chapter of his book, Rutherford Platt describes himself as "a business man who has had the surprise of his life." The surprise that came to him occurred one winter afternoon when, at the age of thirty-five, he went out for a walk with Dr. Graves of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Mr. Platt discovered, on that day, the world of trees and plants. With astonishment he learned that buds do not "come out" in Spring, but are already full-formed upon the trees in winter; and this so stimulated his interest in the mechanism of earth's greenery that he forthwith began to explore more and more absorbedly the magical wonder-world of leaves and roots and branches to which previously he had been (like most business men, and like most of the rest of us) so apathetically blind. The results of his continuing study of the "processes and poetry" of trees and flowers are now given to us in a sumptuous volume.

It is very difficult to write about natural history in a way acceptable at once to trained scientists, to knowing amateurs, and to those many readers who approach natural history with only slightly less virginal ignorance than they might bring to the study of Phoenician Bronzes, and who therefore require to be given the most elementary informations before they can follow the author into the farther reaches of his erudition. Mr. Platt accomplishes this difficult task brilliantly, writing a clear and steady prose in which he embeds a whole encyclopedia of facts so skillfully—and with so nice a blending of the simplest primer-truths and the latest and most remarkable discoveries of botanical research—that readers in whatever stage of tree-lore are able to follow him with ease and pleasure. With extraordinary ability in compression, he treats of the world of vegetation so thoroughly in his 222 pages of text that it is difficult to imagine any questions which a reader could pose, as still unanswered, after a cover-to-cover reading. How do trees pull up sap? How do buds open? How do bark patterns originate? How and why do the autumn leaves turn color? What are the plant mechanisms of feeding and drinking and growing and resting and reproducing- Rutherford Platt provides all the answers, in a work so fact-packed and so pleasantly written that it can serve equally well either as a reference book or as casual winter's evening diversion.

A special word should be said of two of the book's features. One is the pair of appendices, respectively "How to Be a Tree Detective in Winter" and "Pictorial Key to Native Evergreens." Both are admirably clear and very helpful. The other feature is the illustrations. These are photographs taken by the author, and there are one hundred and thirty-five of them, twenty-seven in full color. No one who saw some of these pictures reproduced in *Life* a while ago will need to be told that they are superb. As a photographer Mr. Platt is no less persuasive a kindler of dendrophilism than in his contagiously enthusiastic prose.

For those with nature-loving friends on their Christmas gift lists, "This Green World" comes as a timely and unimprovable solution.

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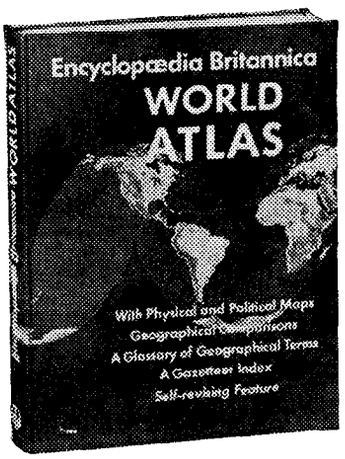

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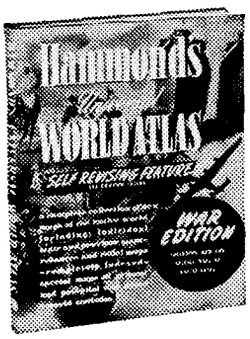

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Radio and the Writer

THIS first year of radio's first war has been one of excellent intentions, majestic writing, but ineffective propaganda. While radio has developed its contemporary Marlowes, its Platos, its Diogeneses, its Paines, and its Plutarchs, it has not found its Cassandra or its Jeremiah. We have been led into battle, but not pushed. There has been too much of the great vision before us, and not enough of the hot breath of the devil on our necks.

Most of the big propaganda programs, governmental or private, such as "This Is War," "The Twenty-Second Letter," "Letters to the President," etc. have ignored the first rules of successful cajolery. Across the heroic stage have trooped the legions of grandeur, bent upon their noble and God-like deeds, which makes excellent radio, but which is likely to prove poor fuel for lighting the inner fire which leads to the wedding between citizen and soldier. We have trained Mr. Average Listener to expect every emotion in terms of entertainment and may have to pay the piper.

The scorned, critic-bedevilled daytime serial, for all its faults, can point to the most responsive audience of all radio. This irrational, unreasoning audience response is due to that form of radio's preoccupation with the dangers besetting our day-by-day security, not our national destiny. Because of the almost mystical intimacy of the radio experience, its most direct impact is on the fears and tremblings which we have learned to submerge in society.

It is time, then, that radio, for war purposes, turn introvert. We have played too long the tune of how great is the democratic way, and how splendid are our heroes. Let's bring the war, and its sacrifices closer to home. Our radio writers have been majestic to a fault. They have forgotten that the question—"How shall we live in the world of tomorrow?" is unpoetically but usually phrased by the average American: "What's in it for me?" Now is the time to start showing him, if he wonders, and more, if he doesn't.

ALBERT N. WILLIAMS.

Inauguration of a poetry program by the N. Y. War Savings Staff to spur the sale of War Bonds has been announced. The War Savings Staff will act as a clearing house for all poems submitted on the general theme of saving for Victory, with special emphasis on War Bonds as a means of providing equipment for our fighting men. Manuscripts should be addressed to Poetry Editor, N. Y. War Savings Staff, 1270 Sixth Ave., N. Y. C., with stamped return envelope enclosed for unsable material.

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The Schools and Periods of Art

THE ENJOYMENT OF ART IN AMERICA. By Regina Schoolman and Charles E. Slatkin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1942. 809 *pp.*, 739 *plates.* $10.

Reviewed by EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL

WAR is making an enormous, a profound difference in America. Of many of the changes now afoot we cannot, in our daily lives, but be aware. Many others we are too close to apprehend, or to apprehend with clearness. Thus the process is, and for a long time must continue to be, in part objectively realized, in part subjectively, often obscurely, felt. That in one year of war America has undergone, up to a certain point, drastic reorganization, no one will deny.

Among the broad, general aspects of this transfiguring development we may observe a sharpened awareness: awareness of much that had before been unglimpsed or superficially understood or carelessly taken for granted. In the cultural realm, with which at the moment we are concerned, war has made us a great deal more acutely aware of our own resources. Thrown in upon ourselves, even while preparing to play a great and perhaps decisive part in the destiny of a world that had hitherto appeared "outside," we begin keenly to appreciate what has been created, and what of immense cultural value has been accumulated here.

These resources are vast. Culturally speaking, they now suffice to bring America into alignment with nations of the Old World that, only a few decades ago, seemed too far in the van to be overhauled and as it were, regarded as peers. The authors of this really excellent new book have taken stock of some of these resources, fitting together a survey of the permanent collections of painting, sculpture, ceramics, and decorative arts in American museum collections. In his introduction G. H. Edgell, director of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, calls the volume at hand "particularly opportune" at a time when Americans cannot travel abroad and seek out the masterpieces in Europe, in the Near East, and in Asia. "We must rely," he says, "on what we have, and rejoice in the fact, so beautifully revealed in this book, that we have so much." Indeed, on the strength of findings in just this field alone, Regina Schoolman and Charles E. Slatkin feel justified in describing their work as "an introduction to the masterpieces of art from prehistoric to modern times."

Although the survey is based on artistic wealth available to the public in this hemisphere alone, readers cannot but be impressed with the breadth and quality of the collections explored. Growth has been cumulative, over a considerable period; yet as Mr. Edgell points out, the last few years in particular have witnessed "extraordinary activity in acquisition. Owing to the war, many masterpieces, which otherwise would have remained abroad, have come to this country, some as refugees, their owners hoping that they may in time return to their homes. Others have come to remain permanently."

The scope of the present undertaking between covers is tersely indicated in a preface. This book, the authors explain,

> is intended as a guide to the various schools and periods of art; not only to Western painting which recent years have seen so widely popularized, but to those neglected masterpieces: the strange but beautifully expressive sculpture of Asia; the curious shapes of things made by the ancient peoples of North and South America; the exquisite products of the loom and the potter's wheel and

—From "Steel," by Harry Sternberg.

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the silversmith's mallet; the graceful sweep of the Oriental's ink-brush, or again, the period rooms wherein may be recaptured the mood and character of an age gone by.

A book thus epitomized might turn out to be little more than a catalogue. Such, however, proves not at all the case. The approach has been broad and sweepingly historical. While all of the works of art illustrated (and illustrated so abundantly and so well) have become part of our heritage, here on this side of the Atlantic, the critical narrative serves to bring often galvanizingly to life the very cultures themselves from which those works emerged. It is a history of art, not inclusive yet of abundant girth, that results.

This survey begins with the art of ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia, of Greece and Rome. It swings thence to the Near East (Persia and India and Indonesia) and on to the Far East (China and Japan). Then a return is made to the long period following the fall of the Roman Empire, in the course of which Byzantine art and Romanesque and Gothic art passed through the fluxes and vicissitudes that led to ultimate full flowering. The succeeding period of the Renaissance is not treated collectively; instead, the account, at this juncture, deals with a series of schools—Italian, Flemish, Dutch, Spanish, German, French, English, American—their growth, in some instances, studied right through from the earliest artistic activity to that of our own day. The American chapter embraces the art alike of the United States of Mexico, and of Canada.

There appears one objection to procedure such as this: we are compelled tc play see-saw with the time element, concluding one epoch only to dart back, hundreds or even thousands of years, and begin another. Yet with respect to the converse method—that of tracing the whole history of human culture progressively on a time basis—objection may be raised likewise, for then the panorama tends to become disconcertingly complex, with its constant shift from region to region, race to race. The method decided upon has much to recommend it. And one cannot but admire the skill with which the segments of so vast a panorama have been condensed, reduced to their quintessential elements: this and the freshness and enthusiasm that, unflaggingly, pervade the long account.

Although objective in their approach, the authors are discriminating, too. The relative importance accorded to this or that culture might at times be challenged (for instance, ancient Rome is dismissed in less than two pages of text). It remains that this thoughtfully and handsomely prepared book represents a genuine contribution to the literature of art.

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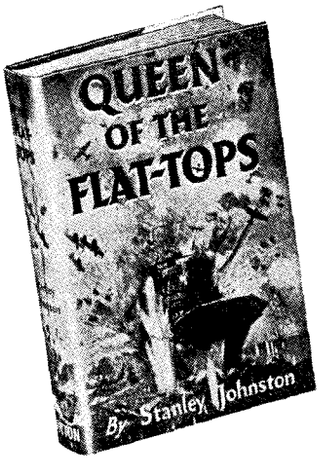

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American Print-Making Today

THE ARTIST IN AMERICA. By Carl Zigrosser. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 207 pp., 92 illustrations. $5.

Reviewed by FRANK CASPERS

ALTHOUGH he is Curator of Prints at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, Carl Zigrosser does not peer warily at art from behind a stack of musty manuscripts. On the contrary, he learned about art and artists in the hard, practical world of the commercial gallery, where esthetic values are measured by men who are part connoisseur, part ardent student of the dollar.

Zigrosser's friends are artists. He knows them as people. He knows their work, from the inside. Hence when he undertakes to present to the public twenty-four contemporary American printmakers—as he does in this, his latest book—it is strictly an inside job. He lays open his subjects' lives, interestingly and with rare insight, to show why their particular artistic wheels turn as they do. He shows, too, how these wheels are geared to the somewhat inhospitable environment of twentieth century America.

Zigrosser is a print specialist, but his scholarship, within that field, is catholic. The twenty-four subjects he has chosen are by no means of equal importance, but in the range of their styles, their personalities, and their esthetic concepts, they provide a fair and balanced view of American printmaking today. They include, for instance, such contrasting talents as John Marin and John Taylor Arms. Both etch buildings and cities. But whereas Marin strives to recreate the strife he senses between masses of buildings of disparate size, the surging forces, and the swirling rhythms that bring a city to life, Arms uses his amazing and disciplined technique to recreate the buildings themselves, in reverent, miraculous detail. Where the one translates the "feel" of a city into line, the other endeavors to "render accurately the local color of every stone, to register every tonal value of light and dark, of shadow within shadow," in short, to reproduce the "look" of a city. Both want their prints to arouse in the spectator the tremendous reactions and emotions that fired them as they brought their compositions to completion. But they follow opposing roads to this single goal. Zigrosser, however, resolves the opposition, and in the process clarifies the universally understood art of Arms as well as the, to many, inscrutable personal idiom of Marin.

—From the drawing, "Nightmare," by Rockwell Kent, reproduced in "The Artist in America."

There are in the book many other pairs of opposed talents which, through their very dissimilarity, explain each other. The formal stylized art of robust, multi-faceted Rockwell Kent, for instance, and the sensitive, very personal art of Japanese-born Yasuo Kuniyoshi. And the moody imaginative art of shy, Spanish-born Federico Castellón, in total contrast to the repetitious regionalism of noisy, bumptious Thomas Hart Benton.

There are life-stories in the classic poverty-and-struggle tradition, as in the case of German-born, ex-pastry cook Emil Ganso, and Ohio-born Harry Wickey, former platform guard at New York's Union Square subway station. Emphasizing these is the biography of George Biddle, of Groton and Harvard and the Philadelphia Biddles.

There has been an element of struggle in the artistic lives of most of Zigrosser's twenty-four printmakers. It is the struggle of the dislocated. America, land of mechanization and mass production, has not yet fitted into the national economy the artist, who is of necessity a lone craftsman, creator only of a custom-built product. Zigrosser, having been for many years a print dealer, knows this facet from first hand. His discussion, therefore, is as practical as it is provocative.

In sum, "The Artist in America" is an engrossing group biography. It is an informal, illuminating exposition of the esthetics and the personalities governing today's print output. It is alive and entertaining, as well as instructive.

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Delta Country

LOWER MISSISSIPPI. By Hodding Carter. (Rivers of America series). New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. 1942. 467 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CLARK B. FIRESTONE

HERE is so fine a book that almost we accept the author's notion that the Lake City of Cleveland is on the Ohio River; time was when perhaps this claim could be sustained, Cleveland being then just a village at the other end of a canal leading back from the Ohio. The explanation alike of this trifling slip and of the sweep, sparkle, and authority of the volume is that Hodding Carter is a newspaper editor in a town which is or rather—not to make a similar slip—was on the Lower Mississippi. The town is Greenville, home also of another gifted writer, the late Will Percy, to whom Mr. Carter devotes one of several discursive chapters.

To make this book, as he divulges, first he "remembered" boyhood days spent beside the great river; he remembered to effect. Then he "read," and widely; there is such a profusion of detail about so many and such varied historical figures, whose features time has obscured, that only the author's sense of drama and skill in delineation keep the reader from growing confused. Lastly, he says, "I traveled from Cairo at the southern tip of Illinois to the Gulf." We register regret that he makes no record of this journey—regret but not disapproval. Like the others of the series, this is a regional history and not a book of river travel. Like certain other writers of companion volumes, notably the author of "The Arkansas," Mr. Carter, to some degree, follows whim, dwelling on what interests him most. For example, he ignores the New Orleans Mardi Gras, and his personally-conducted tour of what he called the Good-Time Town is of the 1850's instead of the 1940's.

He tells nearly everything else, and does it rather more than well: Spanish and French rulers, Lafitte and Barataria, Creole duellists, Ben Butler, Fanny Wright, the quadroon balls, floods, yellow fever, cotton, indigo, sugar, slave uprisings, Union gunboats, steamboat explosions, the Klan's Invisible Empire, Negrodom's Loyal League, a prostitute madam who was an angel of mercy in the plague, the amazing Annie Christmas, and Senator Benton's dusky mistress.

Out of these multitudinous and varicolored threads the author has woven something that suggests the wilful pattern and durable texture of medieval tapestry.

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And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,"
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Our hearts have swelled high till they threatened to crack a rib,
We've vowed to destruction the hordes of Sennacherib;
But in time of confusion we'd best keep informed
Or the Foe may creep in through the ramparts they stormed.

There is more to a War than mere shooting and slaying.
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I don't have to boast, for they know I speak true.
I'm wishing the same Merry Christmas to you!

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HARRIET MARTINEAU

(*Continued from page* 12)

of importance in the British world—Carlyle, Malthus, Hallam (father of Tennyson's lamented friend), Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Rogers, Grote, Macaulay, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Mitford, Darwin, the Kembles, Leigh Hunt, Mill—the list of her friends is a "Who's Who" of English letters and statesmanship of the period. I say "met"; I mean "knew." Most of them were friends. She had long talks which she sets down in detail, with portraits and impressions of their characters and characteristics. Just consider that achievement, ye hypacusics.

She was undoubtedly a good talker, though like all the deaf, she was inclined to talk too much. But Hawthorne noted with rare understanding ("Notes of Travel"):

> She is the most continual talker I ever heard; it is really like the babbling of a brook, and very lively and sensible too; and all the while she talks she moves the bowl of her ear trumpet from one auditor to another, so that it becomes quite an organ of intelligence and sympathy between her and yourself. The ear trumpet seems a sensible part of her, like the antennae of some insects. If you have any little remark to make, you drop it in, and she helps you to make remarks by this delicate little appeal of the trumpet as she slightly directs it toward you, and if you have nothing to say, the appeal is not strong enough to embarrass you.

Her comparison of her life in Norwich, where she was born, with that in London will be understood by all the hard-of-hearing. In her home neighborhood friends and acquaintances were the accident of proximity, who talked with her from necessity rather than inclination. But in London the people she knew sought her, not she them; they were prepared for her, accepted her deafness, made the occasions themselves, and coöperated. "They came to me with good will, or they would not have come at all." Her difficulties with those whose speech was impeded will also awaken sympathetic recognition. Malthus had a cleft palate and a hare lip. Wordsworth was in the habit of taking his teeth out after dinner. Others in this category are as typical. For her, as for all deaf, the people of the social world automatically sorted themselves by difficulty or ease of understanding them. One of her helpful contributions to alleviating the difficulties of the under-hearing is her famous "Letter to the Deaf," and her final words on her deafness were that it was the best thing that ever happened to her.

My deep interest in Harriet Martineau is otological rather than literary. I realize her books are not literature. She herself confesses that she lacks imagination and invention. But she was particularly successful in what is today called "popularizing" an abstruse subject. She could cram on almost any topic and put it into easily-digested form, as she did with Comte's "Positive Philosophy," which its author preferred to his own much longer work. But to the six million hard-of-hearing in this country, what she did is an inspiration. They cannot do better than to read her autobiography, and then some of the books she wrote, to behold an example that should give them renewed courage. In the field of authorship I can recall but one whose mastery of the handicap of deafness is comparable, and that is the almost fabulous career of the learned John Kitto.

What deaf has done, deaf can do.

Although the Federal Government is taking over shortwave broadcasting facilities, there is virtually no evidence to substantiate claims that the microphone is an effective or important weapon, states Mr. Sherman H. Dryer, Radio Director of the University of Chicago and its weekly Round Table broadcast, in his forthcoming book, "Radio in Wartime." Mr. Dryer summons the industry to elect from its constituents a board of strategy which will define policy, eliminate wasteful competition in programming, and make available wartime public service programs at those hours when there is a maximum audience tuned in.

Two Outstanding *Bloodhound Mysteries*

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By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

Both the men were old and very respectable; both wanted Miss Dolly to go back to her dull, unhappy life. I only want to be happy, Miss Dolly cried—just a couple of old kill joys, that's what they were. And both of them died. . . . By the author of *Lady Killer*, etc. $2.00

ROCKET TO THE MORGUE

By H. H. Holmes

Among that fantastic group of people who were concerned with the writing and publishing of science fiction, perhaps none was more fantastic than Hilary Foulkes,—and nothing more fantastic in his life than the leaving of it. ...Lieutenant Marshall and Sister Ursula solve another locked-room puzzle. By the author of *Nine Times Nine*. $2.00

DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BRING ME ANOTHER MURDER *Whitman Chambers* (Dutton: $2.)	Cal. press-agent's wife strangled and pushed out of window. Ex-Hollywood reporter and girl friend add up clues.	Reasonably tough little number with believable newspaper atmosphere, some lurid characters, not too deep mystery, and lively lingo.	Rough-and-tumble
MURDER NEEDS A FACE *Ruth Fenisong* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murders in New York housing development for low income group capably solved by hard working detective Nelson.	Shrewd portrait of life among the lowly—sharp tongued, colorful, and occasionally shifty. An oddly motivated crime and thorough-going detection.	Average

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POET AND PHYSICIST

(*Continued from page* 10)

sis and proof. Thanks to Miss Rukeyser no ordinary mortal has any real excuse for failing to have at least some appreciation of the theoretical and logical as well as the experimental side of effective scientific work.

Her volume also makes it abundantly clear—even to the point, near the end, of undue repetition—that this extremely theoretical and formal type of scientific work is far more influential, practically, than that of those who pride themselves upon being realistic and practical. Gibbs had little concern with the pragmatic consequences of his inquiry. Its practical applications are implicit rather than explicit in his writings. Yet Willard Gibbs has actually had more to do with the determination of the specific processes of modern industry than the business men who head the industries. So powerful, practically, and so effective, economically, are Gibbs's formal theoretical reflections that bankers and business men have had no alternative but to follow the dictates of Gibbs's theory or perish. As this biography indicates, the members of Scott's expedition on their return from the South Pole actually did perish because of their failure to know what Willard Gibbs could have taught them.

Finally, Miss Rukeyser has placed Willard Gibbs and his father in the context of the New Haven and American culture in which they passed their days. She has indicated how the Gibbs, Adams, and James families parallel one another, incidentally suggesting how theory in natural science has been influential in determining the idea of the good for politics. In this realm—the earlier portion of her volume—Miss Rukeyser is at her best. The actual interconnections between humanist and scientist are being exhibited and the necessity of one comprehending the other is being made clear. Here lies the greatest significance of this biography. It prepares the way for that integration of esthetics and mathematical physics giving a new natural philosophy that is at the same time a moral philosophy, which is essential if the technological forces released by modern science are to be brought again under the control of man's humane ideals.

Nurse Keate is back with us!

WOLF IN MAN'S CLOTHING

A NEW MURDER MYSTERY BY

Mignon Eberhart

➡ Reintroducing the capable and peppery heroine of *The Patient in Room 18* in one of Mignon Eberhart's greatest stories. $2.00

A RANDOM HOUSE MYSTERY

WHAT THE OWI IS DOING

(*Continued from page* 9)

ganda against reports, which are known to have originated on the American as well as the British radio. In other words, there are plenty of people who listen to us in Germany and some of them evidently believe what they hear—enough of them for Dr. Goebbels to think it is worth while to talk back. Also, just last Thursday a German broadcast to this country discussed the report of the allied authorities in London that more than 200,000 men, women, and children had been killed by the Germans in the occupied countries. The Nazis didn't deny it; they merely said that responsibility for these executions lies on the British and American radio. Why? Because—I quote the German broadcast—"they have caused unrest among populations, resulting in resistance to German occupation authorities."

So, apparently we are getting listeners, we are having some effect. No doubt we have made mistakes and will make more, but we are trying to keep them down. We cannot promise too much in the way of early and spectacular achievement. Still, there is no question that victory is the best propaganda: our job has been made a lot easier in that sense since American troops landed in Africa. The presence of those troops lends point to what we have been telling the enemy all these months: he may have won some battles but he is not going to win the war.

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The Christmas Roundup

LEO LERMAN

EVERYONE loves story books, and this winter they are likely to be in special demand. For this winter will be one of long nights at home. To expedite Christmas choices here are some of the most recent and most distinguished story books. Novels for the high school aged have already been reviewed in *SRL,* Nov. 14. You will also want to consult both that issue and *SRL,* Nov. 21 for other young people's book suggestions.

The table upon this page consists of six special books. These six, plus Pearl Buck's "The Chinese Children Next Door," Isabel McLennan McMeekin's "Journey Cake," Valenti Angelo's "Hill of Little Miracles," William S. Resnick's "Dragon Ship," Ruth Gannett's "Hi-Po the Hippo," MacKinlay Kantor's "Angleworms on Toast," Hortense Flexner's "The Wishing Window," Katharine Gibson's "Pictures to Grow Up With," Ruth Smith's "The Tree of Life," are among 1942's most significant young people's book titles. [*Ed. note:* Mr. Lerman is too modest to include his "Michelangelo: A Renaissance Profile."]

Six to Eight

This is a crucial period in any child's reading life, for it is during these years that reading habits and tastes are formed. At this age, everything is touched with the magic of knowing, at last, how to read by oneself. Miriam E. Mason's "Matilda and Her Family" ($1.50), and her "Susannah the Pioneer Cow" ($1: both by Macmillan), are exactly right for children just learning to read. They love these simple, rhythmic, animal stories, and they are delighted by Meg Wohlberg's excellent illustrations. Children from four up also like Quail Hawkins's "Who Wants an Apple?" (Holiday House: $1), all about a little girl who helps mother and father move to the country. This is a good read aloud book. And don't forget Gertrude Stein's "The World Is Round" (Scott: $2.50: 4 up), wonderful to read aloud, a young child's favorite, exquisitely designed.

Other six to eight story books: "Twig," by Elizabeth Orton Jones (Macmillan: $2)—her books are required reading for this age group, and "Twig," a magical story of today set in a modern city backyard, is one of her best. . . . "Way Down Cellar," by Phil Stong (Dodd, Mead: $2), is the most recent of this favorite adult author's books for children, and it involves a lost cave, mysterious rappings, and all sorts of thrills. . . . "Airplane Andy," by Sanford Tousey (Doubleday: $1)—Andy's pilot father flies him to Washington in this book which all air-minded youngsters will read and reread. . . . "The Secret Voyage," by Gordon Grant (Morrow: $1.50)—a swashbuckling sea story with many fascinating illustrations.

"Jobie," by Helen Garrett (Messner: $2)—one of the most delightful stories ever written about a small boy and a farm. Both adults and children will read it to tatters. . . . "Jared's Blessing," By Hildegard Woodward (Scribner's: $2)—"Blessing" is a dog, Jared a minister's son in Colonial Connecticut, and both have lots of adventures. This is a good introduction to real U. S. A. history. . . . "The Young Billings of Buckhorn," by Marion Merrill (Morrow: $2)—the Great Canadian Divide forms the exciting background for this factual story of six energetic children who work their own farm.

"Dash and Dart," by Mary and Conrad Buff (Viking: $2)—beautiful illustrations and a charming story make this a perfect gift book. . . . "Little Lost Monkey," by JoBesse McElveen Waldeck (Viking: $1.50)—one of this author's most successful animal stories. . . . "The Donkey from Dorking," by Francis Fullerton Neilson (Dutton: $1.50)—very British, very funny story about a very real donkey; this is one to make you laugh. . . . "Tag-Along Tooloo," by Frances Clarke Sayers (Viking: $1.50)—not a 1942 title, but a book for any year and one you will enjoy every season. It is gay, real, filled with a simple beauty and humor which makes it a family favorite. . . . "Swift Thunder of the Prairie," by Lois Maloy (Scribner's: $1.75)—an Indian boy, a train, and some authentic Americana make this a requisite All-American Christmas gift. . . . And be sure your boys and girls have all of Marguerite de Angeli's superb American historical tales. These books are beautifully written, wonderfully illustrated, and form a distinguished contribution to American children's literature. "Up the Hill" (Doubleday: $2), is the most recent. Polish children in America make this a most timely book, and beautiful writing and illustration make it an everlasting one.

Eight and Up

At eight, most children are well able to read by themselves, and it is from this time on that they are avidly concerned with Indians, spies (this year these are Nazi and Japanese), and the Wild West. One of the foremost authors for this group was the late Rachel Field. She illustrated many of her books, and more than seventeen titles testify to her popularity. These titles include books of verse, novels, and story books, and even an A B C book. Her "Hitty: Her First Hundred Years" (Macmillan: $2.50), was a Newbery Prize book, and many of her books are small enough in size to make unexpected stocking gifts. All of her young people's books will interest the whole family.

There are innumerable period nov-

SIX SPECIAL BOOKS

Title and Author	*About This Book*	*Our Opinion*
ALL-AMERICAN *John R. Tunis* (Harcourt: $2: 12 up)	Democracy, social adjustments, football baseball, romance, the war, the American way of life today in one rousing novel by an eminent sports writer.	Outstanding young people's novel of 1942
HAPPY TIMES IN NORWAY *Sigrid Undset* (Knopf: $2: 12 up)	The 1928 Nobel Prize winner writes of pre-war Norway and the youth of her own children. A simple, straightforward account filled with every-day pleasures. The best anti-Fascist propaganda possible.	Classic which must be read by everyone
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER *Ingri & Edgar Parin d'Aulaire* (Doubleday: $2: 6-9)	Two of our most distinguished artists picture the national anthem in glowing lithographs which even the youngest child will appreciate. Patriotic without being mawkish.	Most timely picture book of 1942
THE BLUE HILLS *Elizabeth Goudge* (Coward-McCann: $2: all ages)	This is Henrietta's (of "The City of Bells") story, but more than this it is half real, half fantasy, and forever set in that special world between. The adventures are many, the characters wondrous, the writing perfection. Put it on the shelf between "Alice" and "The Secret Garden."	Most likely to become a part of the world's literature
THE FOUR-STORY MISTAKE *Elizabeth Enright* (Farrar & Rinehart: $1.75: 10 up)	The Melendy family, of "The Saturdays," move to the country and an amazing Victorian house. Realistic, modern, surprising occurrences written in an amusing, up-to-the-minute idiom.	Special because of its uncontrived, carefree humor and its modern appeal to everyone
ADAM OF THE ROAD *Elizabeth Janet Gray* (Viking: $2: 9 up)	A distinguished biographer writes a novel set in thirteenth-century England. Filled with adventures on the great high-roads and in the big country fairs and market towns.	A swiftly-paced story makes history as much fun as the Henty books

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JUST the Kind of BOOKS

you'll wish they'd given you when you were a youngster!

Everett Shinn's new edition of **THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS**

The perfect introduction to our Winston books for young people for 1942. The beloved illustrator of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" and Oscar Wilde's "The Happy Prince" breathes new life into an old Christmas favorite, with 20 pages of beautiful full-color pictures. A Christmas remembrance for all ages. $1.25.

MR. BUMPS AND HIS MONKEY

Dorothy P. Lathrop has illustrated this whimsical, utterly fascinating *Walter de la Mare* story about Jasper, the most wonderful monkey in the world, and the exciting times he had with his jolly sailor friend, Mr. Bumps. *Ages 6-10.* $2.00.

WHO GOES TO THE WOOD

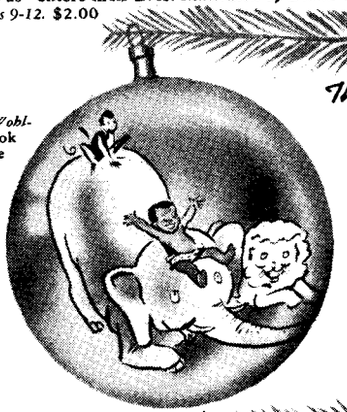
By Fay Inchfawn. This delightful animal story has all the sensitive charm of *The Wind in the Willows.* It is about a duck who writes poetry and a mouse who keeps house until a strange animal called "Whatever-It-Was" enters their lives. *Illustrated by Diana Thorne. Ages 9-12.* $2.00

MR. TOOTWHISTLE'S INVENTION

Written and illustrated by *Peter Wells.* Your young train enthusiast—and what child isn't?—will love this hilarious story of how the owner of the first railroad got angry because the trains weren't on time, and how he hit upon a way to keep the cows off the track. *Ages 6-10.* $1.00.

LITTLE BIMBO AND THE LION

Written and illustrated by *Meg Wohlberg.* This is a grand trick book for every fun-loving, imaginative youngster. Little Bimbo's eyes actually roll around in his smiling face, and children will be delighted with his monkey, his elephant, and his lion that actually comes out of the cage! *Ages 5-8.* $1.00.



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The 1942 Edition of the famous Story Parade Series. Every boy and girl should be familiar with this wonderful series of stories, poems, and illustrations by favorite authors and artists. Here's this year's "best-of-the-year" selections from Story Parade Magazine—368 pages of them! Ages 9-12. $2.00.

The War for the Teen-Age!

WHEN THE TYPHOON BLOWS

By Elizabeth Foreman Lewis. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. The sixth book on youth in China by this Newbery Medal-winning pair, author and illustrator of "Young Fu." The thrilling story of how a Chinese lad and his grandfather played their parts in China's heroic resistance to the Japs. $2.00.

PERILOUS ISLAND

By Frederic Arnold Kummer. Illustrated by Kreigh Collins. The newest in this favorite *teen-age* author's books of high adventure set amid authentic backgrounds—this time of a young gold-miner in the mysterious, fog-ridden Aleutians, and a sneak Jap invasion *before* Pearl Harbor! $2.00.

Best Seller!

LASSIE COME-HOME

Eric Knight's Great Dog Story

The author of *This Above All, The Flying Yorkshireman,* and other best-selling novels, wrote this dog story which, critics said was destined to go down with the most memorable classics of its kind. LASSIE COME-HOME, the stirring tale of the loyalty of a Yorkshire collie, is shortly to be released as a feature movie, starring Roddy MacDowall. All who see it, young and old, will be doubly thrilled when they read the complete book itself. $2.00.

Young America's Adventures—Then and Now

SPIKE OF SWIFT RIVER

By Jack O'Brien. Illus. by Kurt Wiese. A red-blooded tale by the author of the famous Silver Chief stories—about the lasting friendship between two outcasts, dog and man, *in the northwoods logging country.* Ages 9-15. $2.00.

JUNGLE HAVEN

By Albert Stillman. Illus. by Henry C. Pitz. Two boys and their tutor escape dictator-ridden Europe and live a Robinson Crusoe-like existence in the jungles of the upper Amazon. "Superlative stuff!"—*Boston Herald.* Ages 12-16. $2.00.

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els for this group. Charlie May Simon's American background stories (Dutton: each $2) are among the most popular. "Younger Brother" is her 1942 book; it is an absorbing Indian story filled with accurate detail and realistic thrills. Here are fourteen additional period novels: "The White Horse," by Elizabeth Coatsworth (Macmillan: $2) —pirates, a sailing ship, an American boy and girl hero and heroine, slavery in Morocco, and lots of vivid characters make this the most thrilling of the "Sally" series. . . . "The Falcon of Eric the Red," by Catherine Cate Coblentz (Longmans: $2.25)—the first Viking settlement in America, a falcon, and illustrations by Henry C. Pitz make this a publishing event. . . ."They Came from Sweden," by Clara Ingram Judson (Houghton Mifflin: $2)—just the sort of immigrant story to answer all the melting-pot questions young Americans have been asking, a most unusual frontier book.

"Bright Morning," by Margery Bianco (Viking: $1.50)—every page is as bright as its title; a master story teller revivifies Victorian London and Brighton. This is not quaint but beautiful, not sentimental but amusing. If you and your children have never before read Margery Bianco, this will make a Bianco fan of all of you. . . . "Hudson Frontier," by Erick Berry (Oxford: $2.50)—pre-Revolutionary days in Albany and lots of suspense-filled situations make this latest Berry as good reading as all the others. . . . "The Secret of the Sun-God's Cave," by Willard Diffin (McBride: 2.50: 10 up)—primitive man is presented accurately and entertainingly in this unique book; the illustrations are especially suitable; not only young people but everyone will be fascinated. . . . "Tidewater Tales," by Anne Littlefield Locklin (Viking: $2)—true unusual stories about boys on one of the tidewater rivers of North New England.

"Call It Courage," by Armstrong Sperry (Macmillan: $1.75)—the 1941 Newbery Prize book. This story of the boy who conquered fear will always be timely. . . . "A Green Field for Courage," by Carroll T. Cooney (Howell, Soskin: $2)—toy soldiers and a small boy's make-believe military world become real in this book. . . . "Vanished Island," by Cornelia Meigs (Macmillan: $2)—Mississippi river boats, a fire, the gay 1890's, and Cornelia Meigs usual distinguished style make this a book to read at one fascinated sitting. . . . "Sycamore Silver," by Nancy Byrd Turner (Dodd, Mead: $2)—the time: fifty years ago; the place: a Virginian plantation; the plot: suspense and more suspense and fun.

Here are some novels, with modern backgrounds, for the eight-year olds and up: "The Middle Moffat," by Eleanor Estes (Harcourt: $2)—a new story about the irrepressible Moffats. This one's about Jane, and it's just as good as "The Moffats." . . . "Pretender's Island," by Ursula Moray Williams (Knopf: $1.75)—flesh and blood boys and girls and a fabulous island fill every page with unforgettable excitement. . . . "Open Water," by Hildreth Tyler Wriston (Doubleday: $2)—smugglers are captured on Lake Champlain in this scalp-prickling tale. . . . ."All Aboard the Whale!" by Richard W. Hatch (Dodd, Mead: $2)—"The Whale" is a tug, and her adventures are many and amusing.

"Country-Stop," by Carolyn Sherwin (Viking: $2)—this little book holds the very essence of New England. It is written with love, laughter, and a casual grace which will endear it permanently to readers of all ages. . . . . "Susan's Safe Harbor," by Katherine Wigmore Eyre (Oxford: $2)—the author of the successful "Lottie's Valentine" writes about social classes and adjustments in a book lucid and interesting enough for anyone from nine up; this is a necessary book.

Just Arrived

These came in with this morning's mail: "When I Grow Up I'll Be a Flyer," by Lilian Rifkin—this is the second in Lothrop, Lee & Shepard's proposed group of career picture-text books for boys and girls from toddlers up to ten. All of these books will be similar in format, $1.25 in price, and

—From "The Long Christmas," by Ruth Sawyer.

written by specialists. This is the only career book venture we know of for younger children, and ought to help answer many questions by boys and girls who want to be flyers, doctors, nurses, engineers, and even designers. Books on all of these subjects are planned for the near future. The text is unusually well-written and the photographs which illustrate it will intrigue all children.

"The Animal Book," by the Hogners (Oxford: $3.50: 12 up)—this is a book we have been waiting for; it is filled with detailed descriptions and illustrations; it is really an animal encyclopedia and our favorite "dip-into" book. . . . "Mountains," by the Fentons (Doubleday: $2.50)—all about all sorts of mountains and as fascinating as "The Animal Book." This is another book to read and treasure. . . . "Vagabond in Velvet," by Covelle Newcomb (Longmans: $2.50)—highly fictionized biography of Cervantes and a welcome addition to the young people's biographical shelf. . . . And if you want a book for all sorts of days and occasions get "Favorite Stories Old and New," selected by Sidonie Matsner Gruensberg (Doubleday: $2.50) —372 pages of stories both old and new, stories for everyone from five to one hundred and five. This is an inexhaustible collection.

Christmas Books

These are books especially suited to this season. All are exceptional; all are gift books in the truest and best sense of the phrase: "Away in a Manger," selected and illustrated by Jean Thoburn (Oxford: $1), exquisite in format and selective taste, this is an extraordinary collection and just the little present for any child or grown up who loves the beautiful. . . . "Under the Little Fir," by Elizabeth Yates (Coward-McCann: $2: 5 up)—six lovely stories with a special Christmas tale make this a distinctive collection. Little children will love these modern fairy tales. . . . They will also delight in playing with "A Christmas Manger," by Uncle Gus (Houghton Mifflin: $1)—a creche and Christmas story characters to be punched out and set up. . . . "Santa Claus Comes to America," by Singer and Baldridge (Knopf: $1)—a new version of the Santa Claus legend.

"The Blue-Eyed Lady," by Ferenc Molnar (Viking: $2)—the famous playwright writes his first book for American children and intrusts some of his best fantasy and gold-winged angels to them. This is a sentimental little story, but that is what we like about it. Helen Sewell has garnished it with her best illustrations. . . . "Christmas in the Woods," by Frances Frost (Harper: $1)—a lovely poem stunningly illustrated makes this a gorgeous stocking gift, but you had better get an enormous stocking.

"Christmas," by Eleanor Roosevelt (Knopf: $.50)—a sweet but not sugary story with Biblical implications. . . . "The Night Before Christmas" (Winston: $1.25)—Everett Shinn illustrates Clement Moore's classic anew. . . . "Merry Christmas, Judy!" by Charlotte Becker (Scribner's: $.75)—a three year old will welcome this dainty little book and she will have a hard job keeping it from her older sister. . . . "Annunciata and the Shepherds," by Janette Sebring Lowrey (Harper: $1) —the touching story of a little Mexican Indian girl on Christmas Eve. This is a flawlessly designed stocking book with exquisite pictures. . . . "The Long Christmas," by Ruth Sawyer (Viking: $2.50)—many stories by a famous story teller and poems and Valenti Angelo decorations make this an outstanding Christmas book. . . . "The Shining Tree and other Christmas Stories" (Knopf: $2)—twelve modern Christmas stories and one of them by Angela Thirkell. . . . And Houghton Mifflin has reprinted in facsimile Kate Douglas Wiggin's classic "The Bird's Christmas Carol." You will also want "A Child's Book of Christmas Carols," by Masha (Random House: $1.50) and "Christmas Carols," by Van Loon and Grace Castagnetta (Simon & Schuster: $1). But to make this a perfect Christmas, invest three dollars in "The Home Book of Christmas," for May Lamberton Becker has surpassed her previous anthologies in this giant. It is 1942's outstanding young people's Christmas book gift.

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The Ideas of Ruskin

THE EDUCATIONAL THEORIES OF JOHN RUSKIN. By Hilda Boettcher Hagstotz. Lincoln: Nebraska. University of Nebraska Press. 1942. 295 *pp., and index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THE admirers of Ruskin will be glad to have this systematic account of Ruskin's educational ideas, and of his experiments in teaching working-men, young girls, and those Oxonians who attended his public lectures when he was Slade Professor of Fine Art. Teachers and others may also gain from contact with the practice and principles of a man who, in spite of prejudices and oddities, remains one of the most inspiring and provocative of English authors. Dr. Hagstotz is a painstaking writer, and extremely conscientious in her presentation of her material. Some would prefer a treatment that had rather more light and shade in it; but no one can complain that any knowledge about Ruskin's educational theories is withheld. It is all here. Perhaps the most valuable lesson Ruskin can give to our modern times is in correcting the notion that erudition is education . . . "knowledge is not education and can make us neither happy nor rich." The contrary error which grew to a pestilent prosperity in the last century, has grown since to formidable proportions. This is a Victorian author worth reading today.

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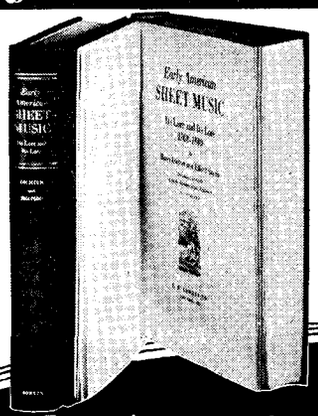
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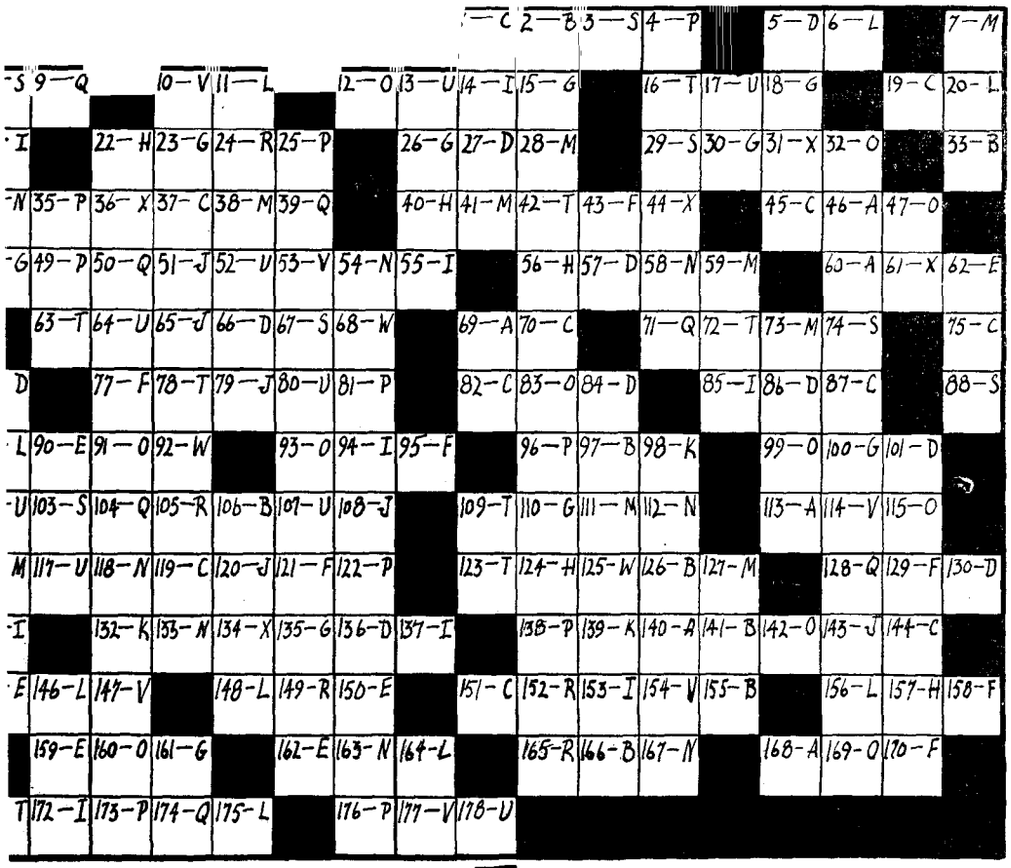

Double-Crostics: No. 454

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary ***(1940 edition).***

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 23 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. To transfer homage, rent, service, etc.

B. Abject parasite or toady.

C. To strike with wonder (colloq.)

D. Tending to relapse.

E. Satin dress fabric with plain or changeable lustrous surface (Fr.)

F. Thingumbobs (colloq.)

G. Having lost its freshness or bloom.

H. Author of "Jackanapes" (1884).

I. Made a nest.

J. Kind of sugar paste candy with almonds, pistachio, etc.

K. Personal pronoun.

L. Whisper; murmur.

M. Vehement, furious attack.

N. Drug of the ancients yielding forgetfulness of suffering.

O. Implanted; impregnated.

P. Inclined to novelties.

Q. Fiery; full of spirit.

R. Hebrew name for God (Bk. of Job).

S. To abscond (2 wds.)

T. Collateral descendant, branch, etc.

U. To censure; disprove.

V. The chief goddess of the pantheon (Babylon. Relig.)

W. An enzyme (biochem.); Peer Gynt's mother.

X. Land from which grass or hay is cut.

WORDS

168 60 113 69 140 46

97 106 33 141 126 166 2 155

70 1 45 19 151 87 37 144 82 119 75

136 101 66 5 84 57 130 76 27 86

150 162 145 90 159 62

95 129 43 158 121 170 77

161 100 23 15 135 26 48 110 30 18

124 56 22 157 40

94 172 137 85 14 153 21 131 55

143 65 120 108 79 51

98 139 132

6 20 11 146 89 175 156 148 164

73 7 116 41 38 111 28 59 127

118 167 133 54 112 58 163 34

12 169 91 160 32 142 83 93 99 115 47

35 4 138 96 49 25 173 122 81 176

128 104 50 9 39 174 71

152 105 24 165 149

74 88 67 103 8 3 29

16 109 123 63 78 72 42 171

102 117 80 17 178 64 52 107 13

177 154 114 147 10 53

125 68 92

44 31 134 36 61

The Crostics Club

REFERRING to our recent mention of octogenarian puzzlers comes this heartening voice from George Wagner, Professor of Zoölogy, University of Wisconsin: "Did you know that President Emeritus E. A. Birge, now in his ninety-second year, and connected with and active in the University for sixty-seven years, is Wisconsin's most ardent DC fan? He introduced me to that vice, for vice it is, although a very pleasant one. I have known nothing so gripping since as a Freshman at Ann Arbor, I was educated in solitaire by my landlady's daughter." Other nonagenarians, speak up and let us publish the record!

A Wisconsin lady I met a few summers ago told me that a math professor at the University recommended the DCs to his students as good discipline. I fear such a suggestion would drive some—me, for instance—elsewhere! Compulsory Higher Algebra Freshman year was, as Ogden Nash might say, "allergic" to me. I did marry a math genius, but our marriage vows did not exact oneness in this respect. Apparently, a certain firm, in offering me a position at his death, assumed that they did.

George Mauger, bedridden invalid, Sunny Rest Sanitarium, Racine, Wis., is jubilant at having solved his first DC with only the aid of a reference book secured for twenty-five cents and a wrapper of Swan soap! He writes further; "The word *emmets* is not strange to me, for every summer my great aunt (in her eighties) complains that when she sits in the garden the nasty little emmets bother her. I asked her about the word and was told that they always use it in the Channel Islands from which she comes. Guernsey, you know, is noted for its cows and as the home of Victor Hugo during his exile. At least, her daughter says, the word is not archaic there unless the Germans since their occupation in July, 1941 have wiped out the population."

Our erudite friend, Steven Byington, quotes *emmet* as used by Blake in his "Auguries of Innocence" (called in some editions "Ideas of Good and Evil"): "The emmet's inch and eagle's mile make lame Philosophy to smile." He recommends that poem further for its quotable nuggets of thought.

Doesn't this interest in *emmet* take you forward to Oliver Herford's "Primer of Natural History?" I haven't the book handy, but at random I should say that, after admonishing us to observe the adamantine ways of the busy little insect, he concludes:

> He scurries round from morn to night,
> He never, never sleeps;
> He seizes everything in sight
> And drags it home with all his might,—
> And all he gets he keeps.

E. S. K.

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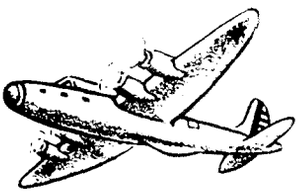

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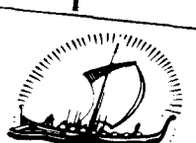

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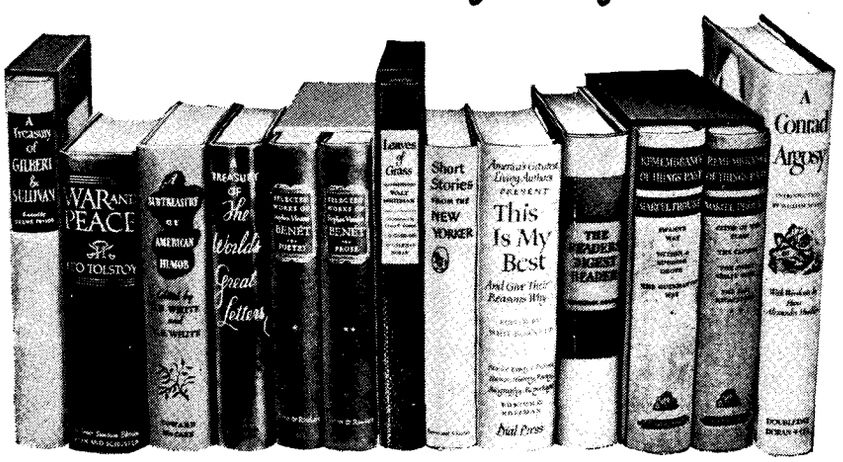
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